

10 CENTS

FUNNY

JAN.

PICTURE STORIES

THE ALL-PICTURE MAGAZINE — IN COLORS

TYRANT GOLD

A Real
Thriller

by
Arthur
Pinajian

★

Every
Story
a
Bull's
Eye

★

In this issue:
PATTERSON
CAMPBELL
FILCHOCK
BRENNER
BURESCH
and
Others



[illegible]



VOL. I—NO. III

JANUARY, 1937

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(All Stories Complete)

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Men go mad in the hunt for the precious yellow treasure.

THE NEWS REEL MEN.....by **FRANK FROLLO**

Through fire and water these valient world adventurers followed their leads.

TRAINED TIGER.....by **VICTOR J. DOWLING**

A beast, a maid and a man, and it started in fer away Sanpore.

PEANUTS AND POP.....by **GEORGE E. BRENNER**

A game kid who fought for more than marbles. Yee, a fighter from top to toe.

DOUBLE TROUBLE.....by **JOSEPH E. BURESCH**

Here's a laugh for you. The kind of a story you've been looking for. Plenty fun.

BATTLING BEAU BRUMMEL (Part II).....by **MALCOLM BRUCE**

Something tells us that the Battler will wind up inside the squared circle.

DEAD MAN AT POWDER SPRING.....by **B. McD. MOORE, Jr.**

Mystery lurked in the shadows beyond the waterhole and a white man drew his gun.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.....by **MARTIN FILCHOCK**

Shake hands with Bob Colby, a lad who took them as they came.

THE GANG BUSTER.....by **JOE CAMPBELL, Jr.**

A new Red Dolan yarn. (In this one the renegade tip Red the black spot and ...)

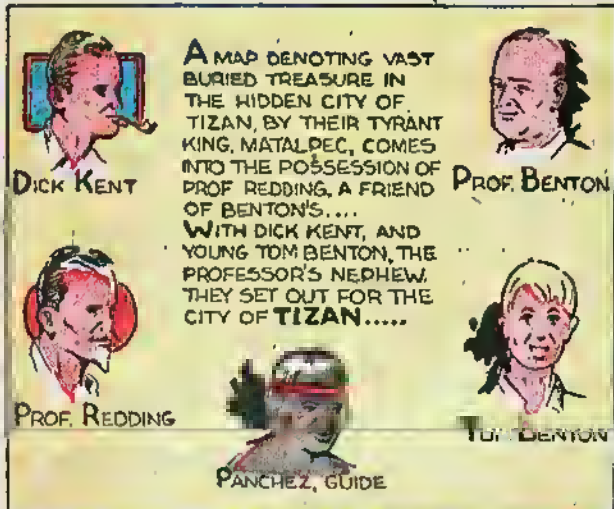
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TYRANT'S GOLD

• A Complete DICK KENT Adventure Story •

by *D. J. [Signature]*



DICK KENT

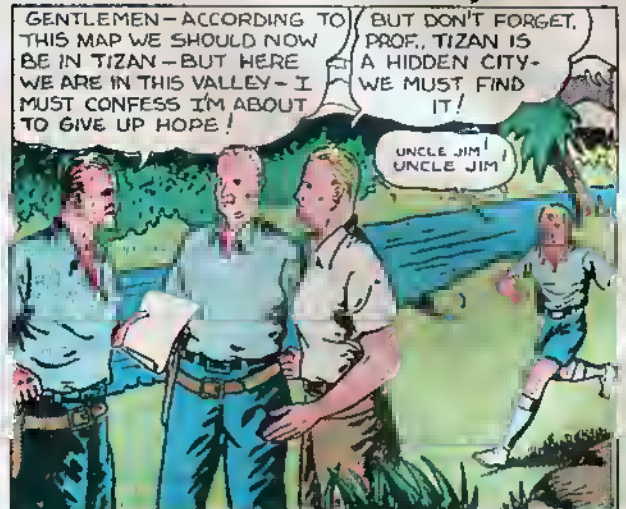
PROF. REDDING

PROF. BENTON

TOM BENTON

PANCHEZ, GUIDE

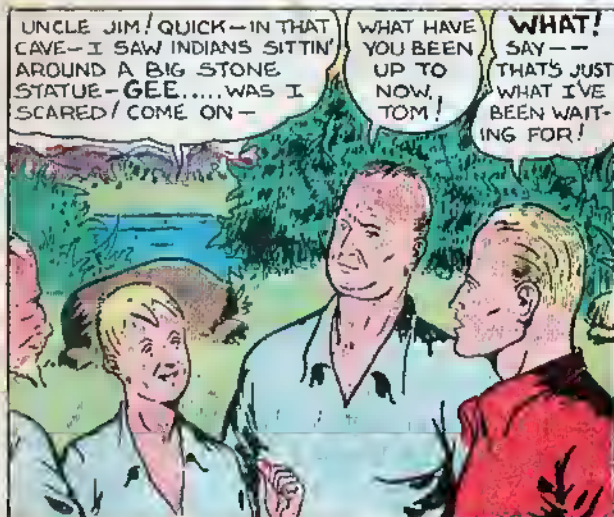
A MAP DENOTING VAST BURIED TREASURE IN THE HIDDEN CITY OF TIZAN, BY THEIR TYRANT KING, MATALPEC, COMES INTO THE POSSESSION OF PROF. REDDING, A FRIEND OF BENTON'S.... WITH DICK KENT, AND YOUNG TOM BENTON, THE PROFESSOR'S NEPHEW, THEY SET OUT FOR THE CITY OF TIZAN.....



GENTLEMEN—ACCORDING TO THIS MAP WE SHOULD NOW BE IN TIZAN—BUT HERE WE ARE IN THIS VALLEY—I MUST CONFESS I'M ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE!

BUT DON'T FORGET, PROF., TIZAN IS A HIDDEN CITY—WE MUST FIND IT!

UNCLE JIM! UNCLE JIM!



UNCLE JIM! QUICK—IN THAT CAVE—I SAW INDIANS SITTING AROUND A BIG STONE STATUE—GEE..... WAS I SCARED! COME ON—

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO NOW, TOM!

WHAT! SAY—THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



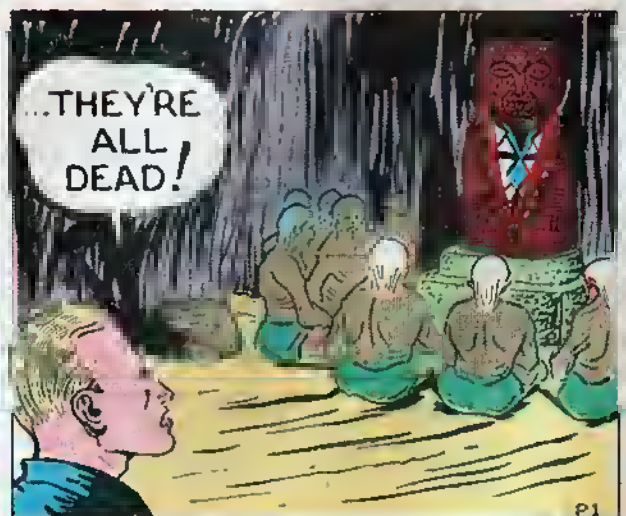
INDIANS, EH? MAYBE THEY CAN HELP US, DICK!

--- TAKE IT, EASY, MEN.... WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!

WATCH IT, SON!

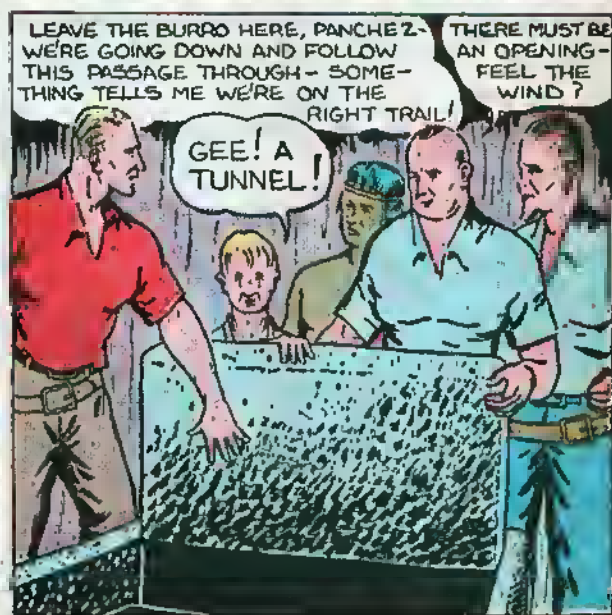
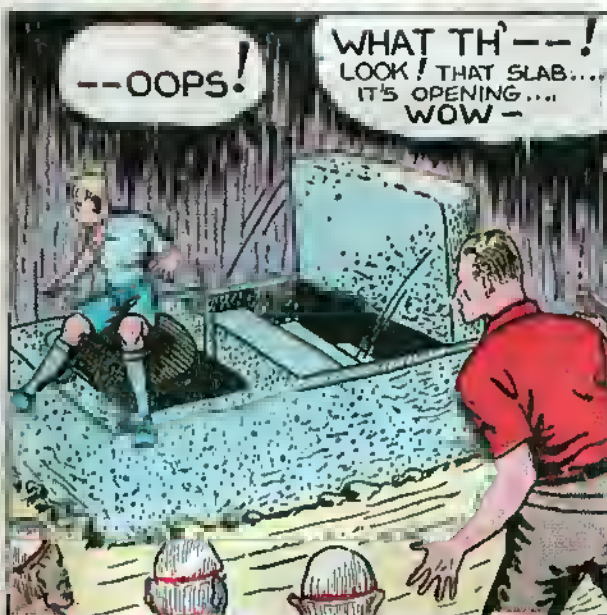


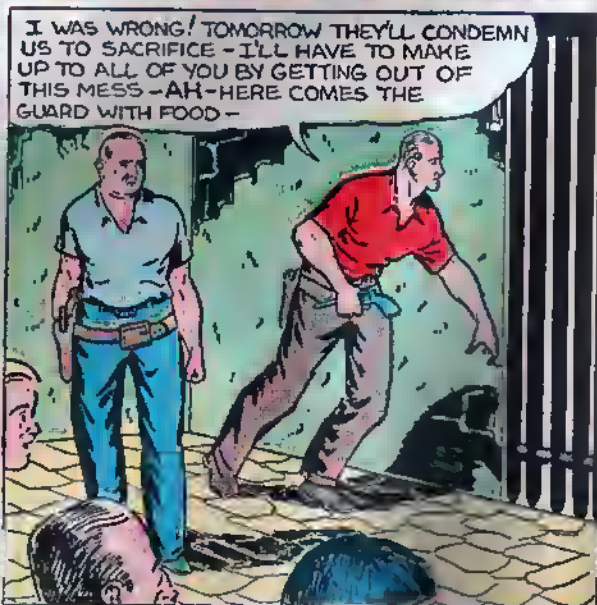
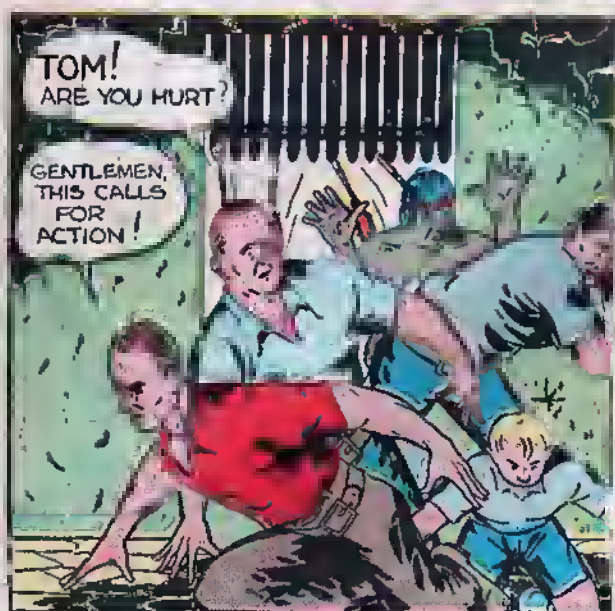
STOP! LOOK..... THESE MEN WILL NEVER HELP US, PROF.



...THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

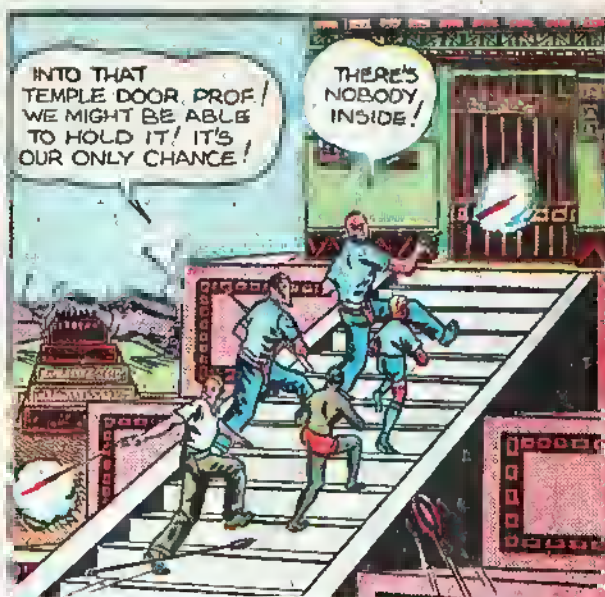
P1







DICK! THEY'VE SEEN US!

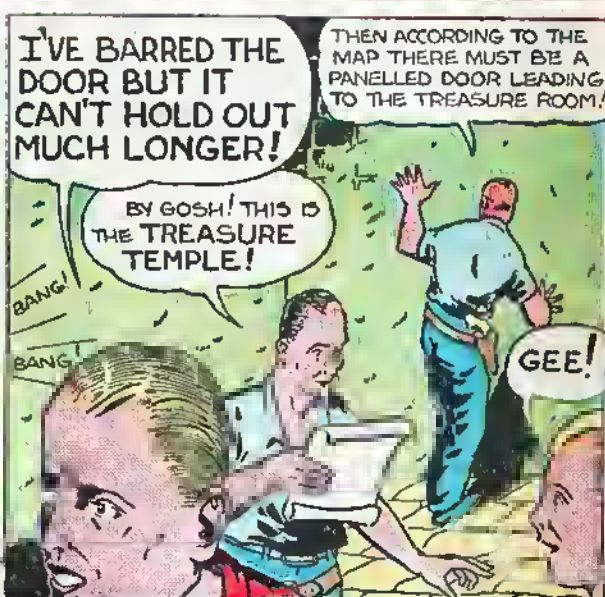


INTO THAT TEMPLE DOOR, PROF! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HOLD IT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THERE'S NOBODY INSIDE!



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED!



I'VE BARRED THE DOOR BUT IT CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

THEN ACCORDING TO THE MAP THERE MUST BE A PANELLED DOOR LEADING TO THE TREASURE ROOM!

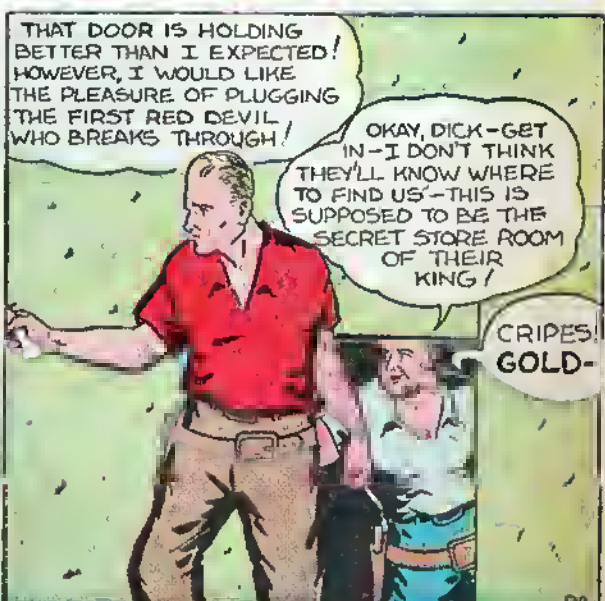
BY GOSH! THIS IS THE TREASURE TEMPLE!

GEE!



FOR PETE'S SAKE, MAN, CAN'T YOU HURRY?

I'VE GOT IT!

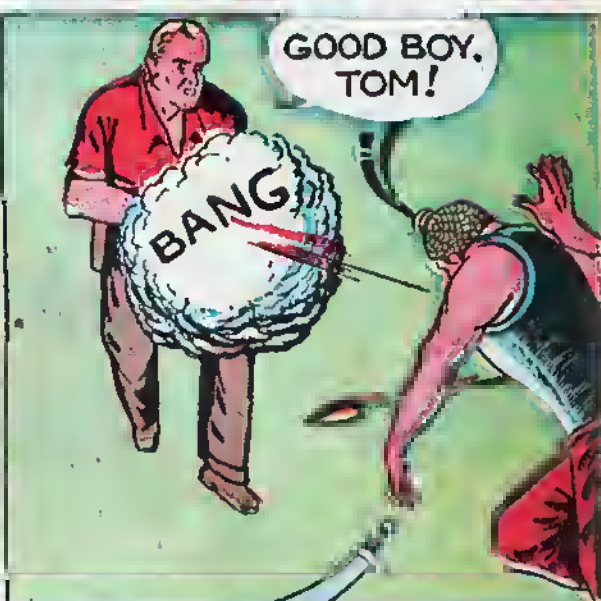


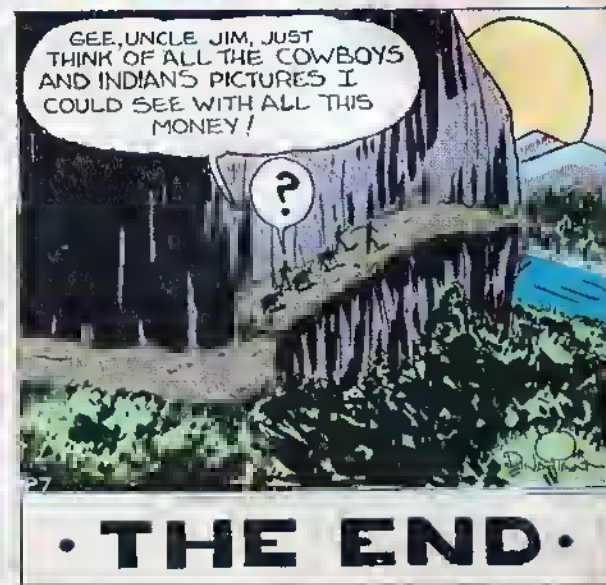
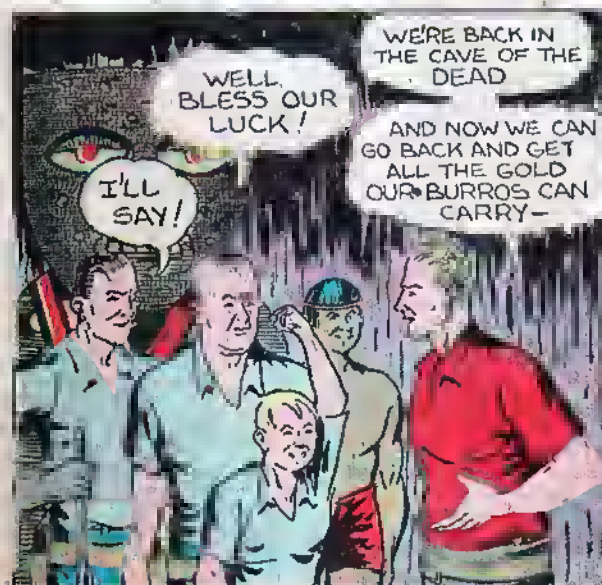
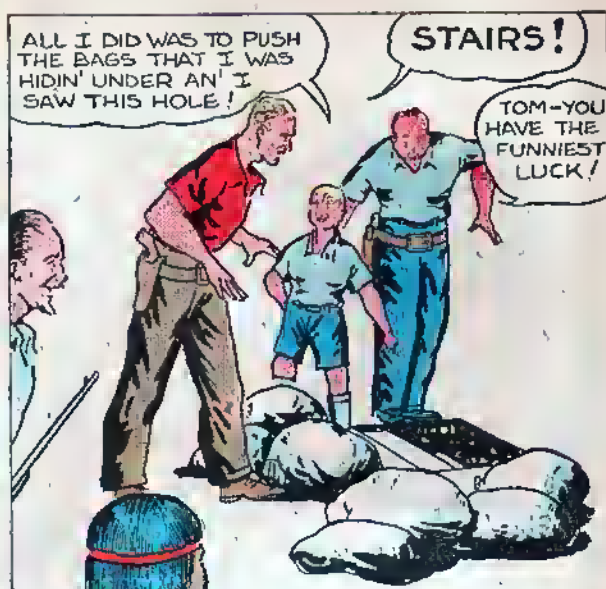
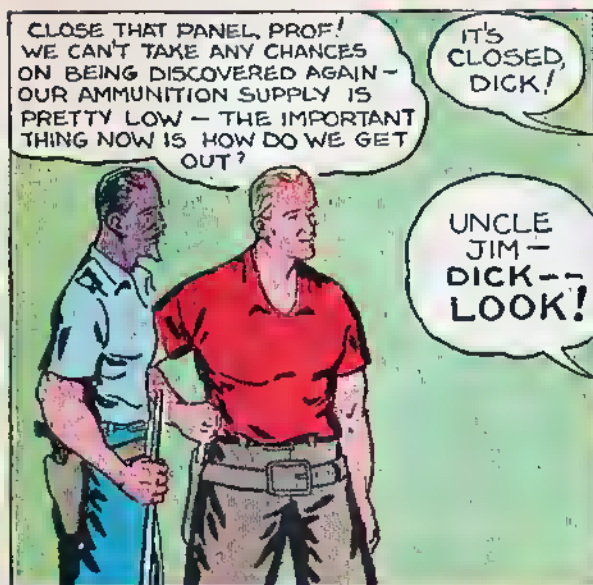
THAT DOOR IS HOLDING BETTER THAN I EXPECTED! HOWEVER, I WOULD LIKE THE PLEASURE OF PLUGGING THE FIRST RED DEVIL WHO BREAKS THROUGH!

OKAY, DICK-GET IN-I DON'T THINK THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND US-THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SECRET STORE ROOM OF THEIR KING!

CRIPES! GOLD!



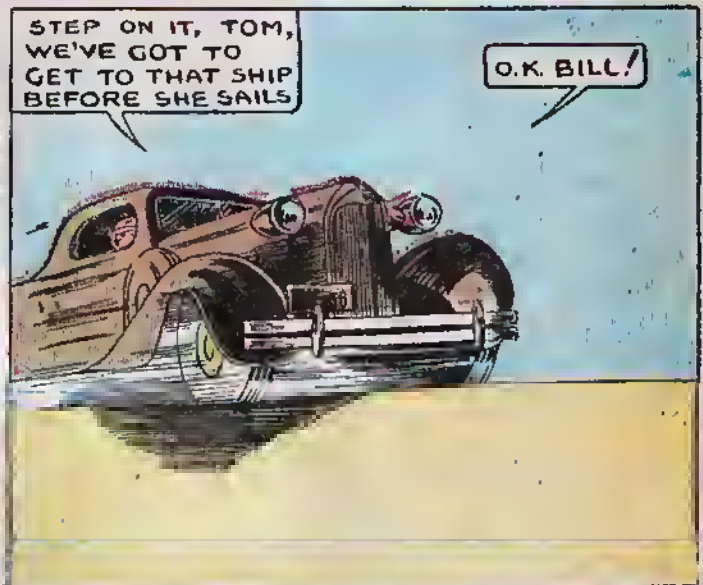
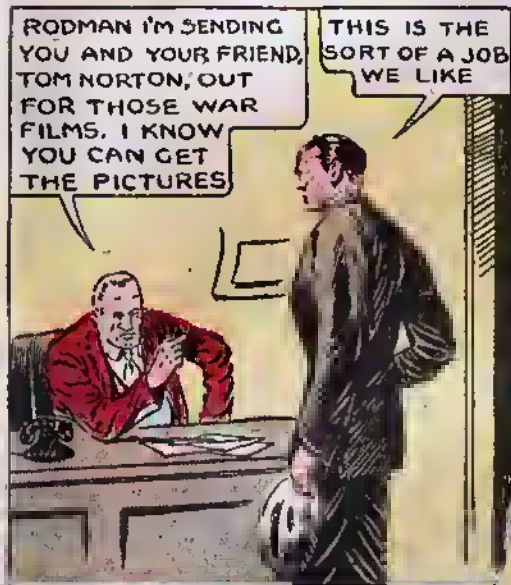
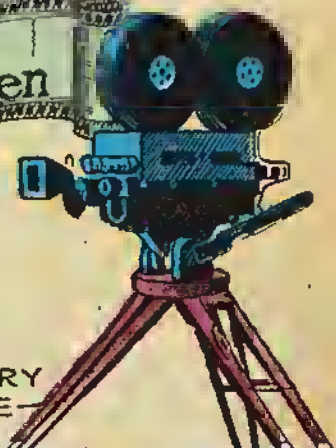




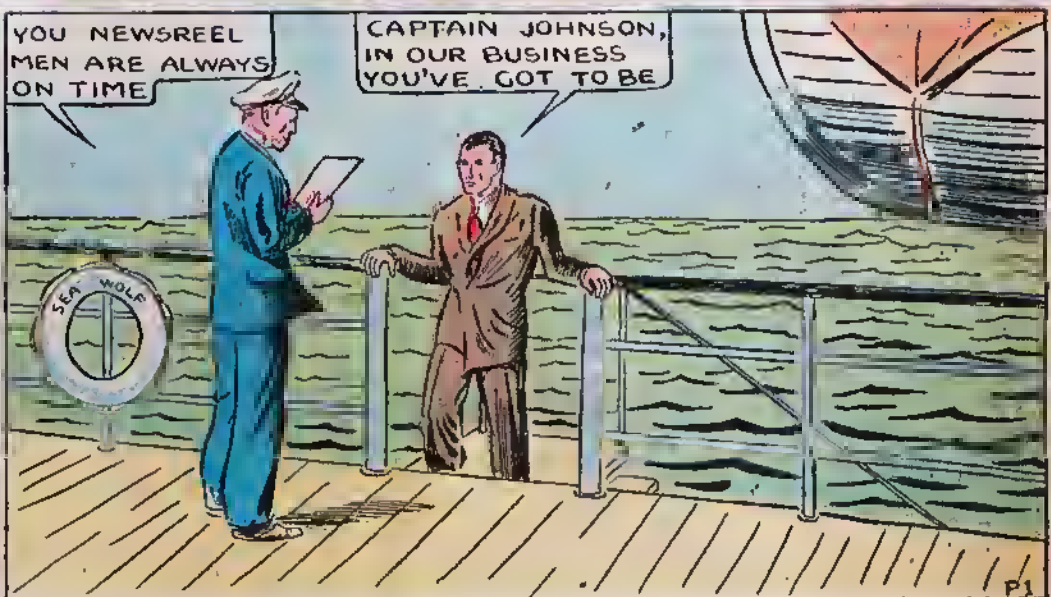
Adventures of Newsreel Cameramen

by Frank Frollo

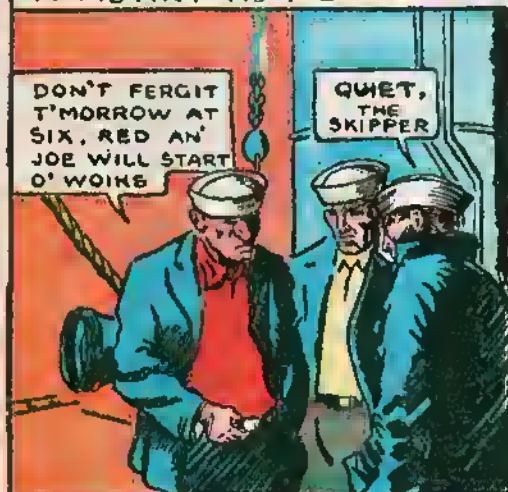
A GRIPPING ADVENTURE STORY
OF TWO ROVING REELERS—COMPLETE—



CAPTAIN JOHNSON OF THE SEA WOLF WAITS FOR RODMAN — A POWER BOAT COMES OUT TO THE SHIP...



MEANWHILE, A SMALL GROUP OF SAILORS ARE PLANNING A MUTINY AS THE SHIP SAILS



I'M HAVING YOUR CAMERAS SENT UP TO THE BRIDGE

THANKS CAPTAIN, I HEAR YOU HAVE A TOUGH CREW ABOARD



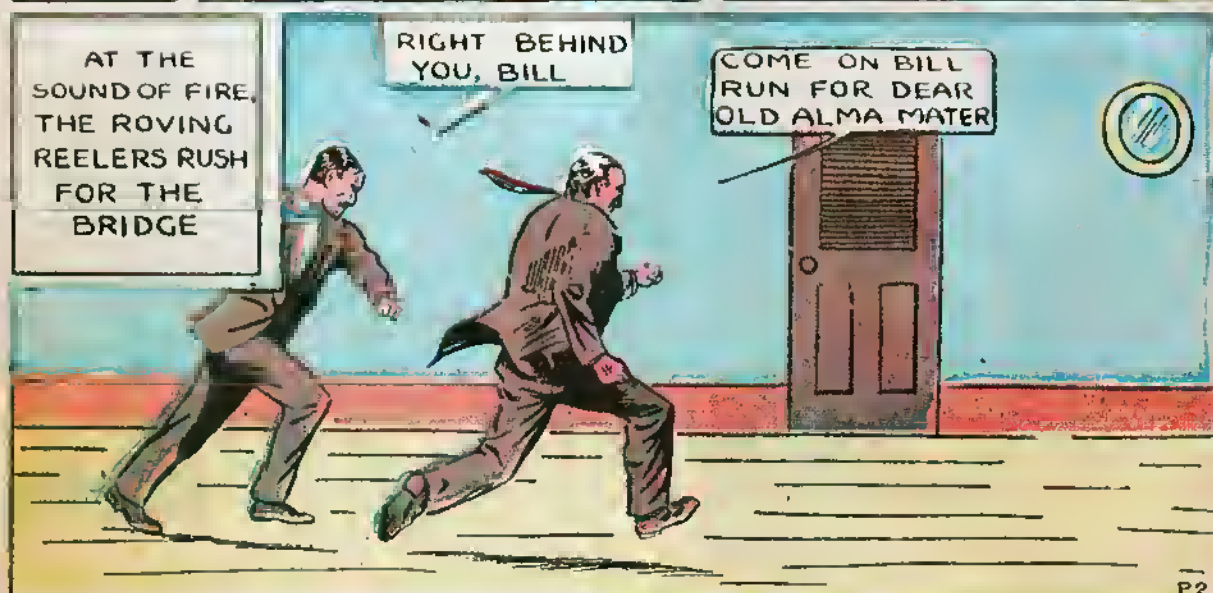
AT EXACTLY SIX O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING

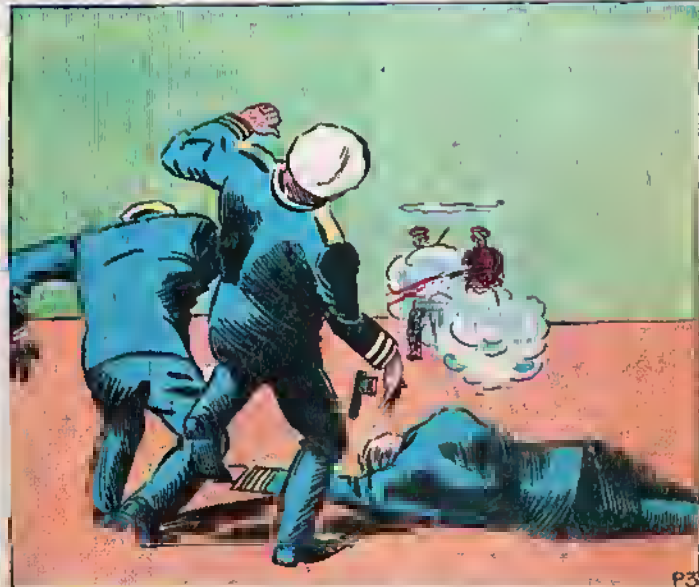


AT THE SOUND OF FIRE, THE ROVING REELERS RUSH FOR THE BRIDGE

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BILL

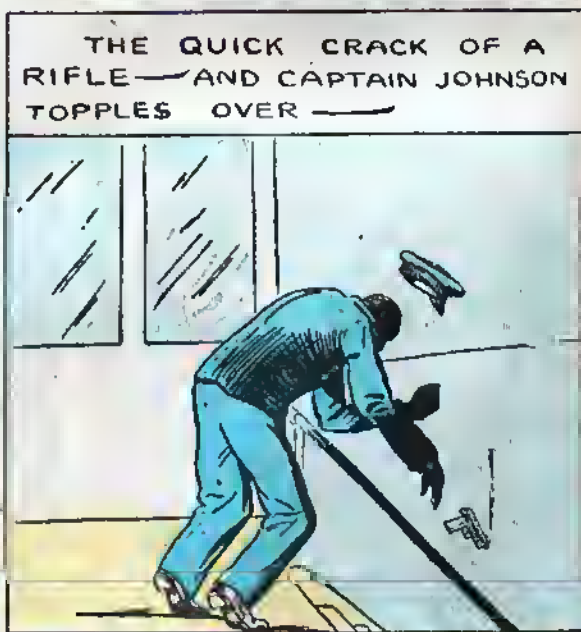
COME ON BILL RUN FOR DEAR OLD ALMA MATER







MEANWHILE
DOWN
IN
THE
WIRELESS
ROOM

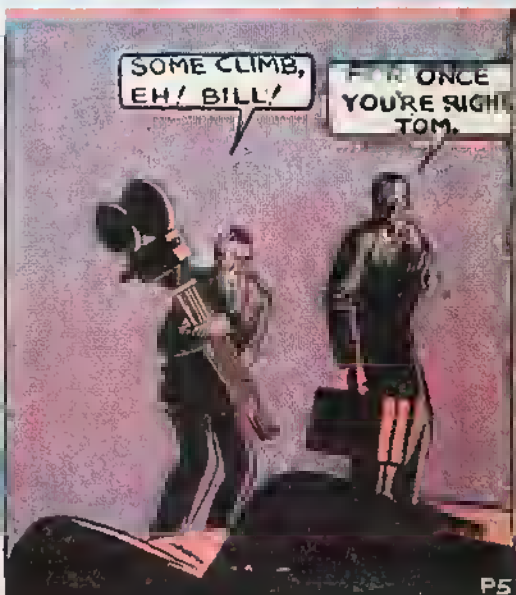


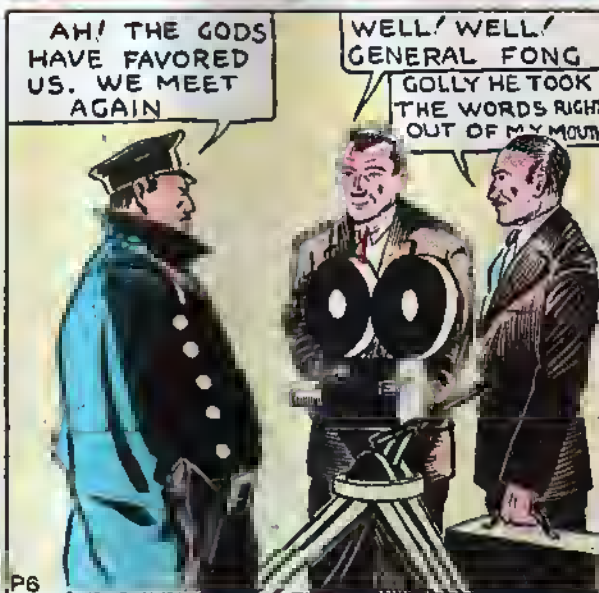
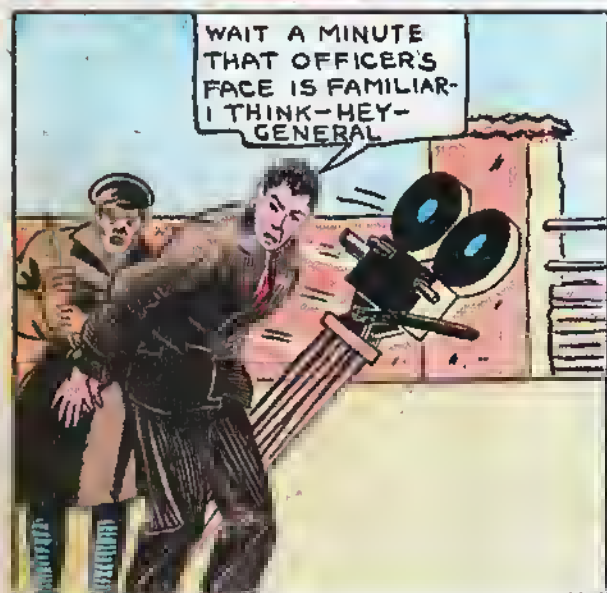


3 DAYS
OF THIS
—
DRIFTING
GOING
NOWHERE
—
BUT BILL
AND TOM
ARE GONE
TO THE
CORE



AFTER
FEVERISHLY
PADDLING
WITH
THEIR
HANDS
FOR WHAT
SEEMED DA
THEY
GAIN THE
SHORE —
CLIMB —
UP —
UP —
UP —



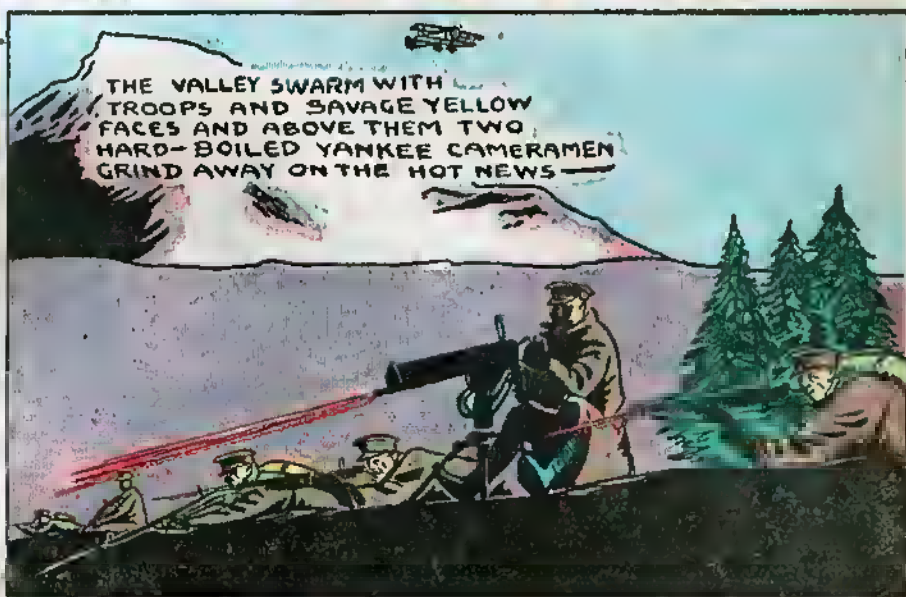
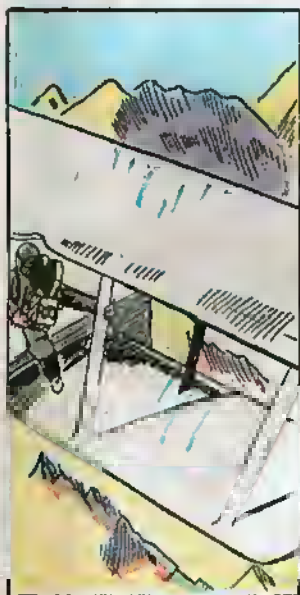




CAN YOU GET
US BACK TO
CIVILIZATION
GENERAL FONG?



FAITH SMILES UPON
YOU CAMERAMEN. A
CHINESE GOVERNMENT
PLANE WILL TAKE
YOU TO HONG KONG



THE VALLEY SWARM WITH
TROOPS AND SAVAGE YELLOW
FACES AND ABOVE THEM TWO
HARD-BOILED YANKEE CAMERAMEN
GRIND AWAY ON THE HOT NEWS



LUCK'S WITH US! A
CAR! NOW FOR THE
HOTEL AND A BATH,
GEE THAT WAS A
CLOSE SQUEAK FOR
US, TOM



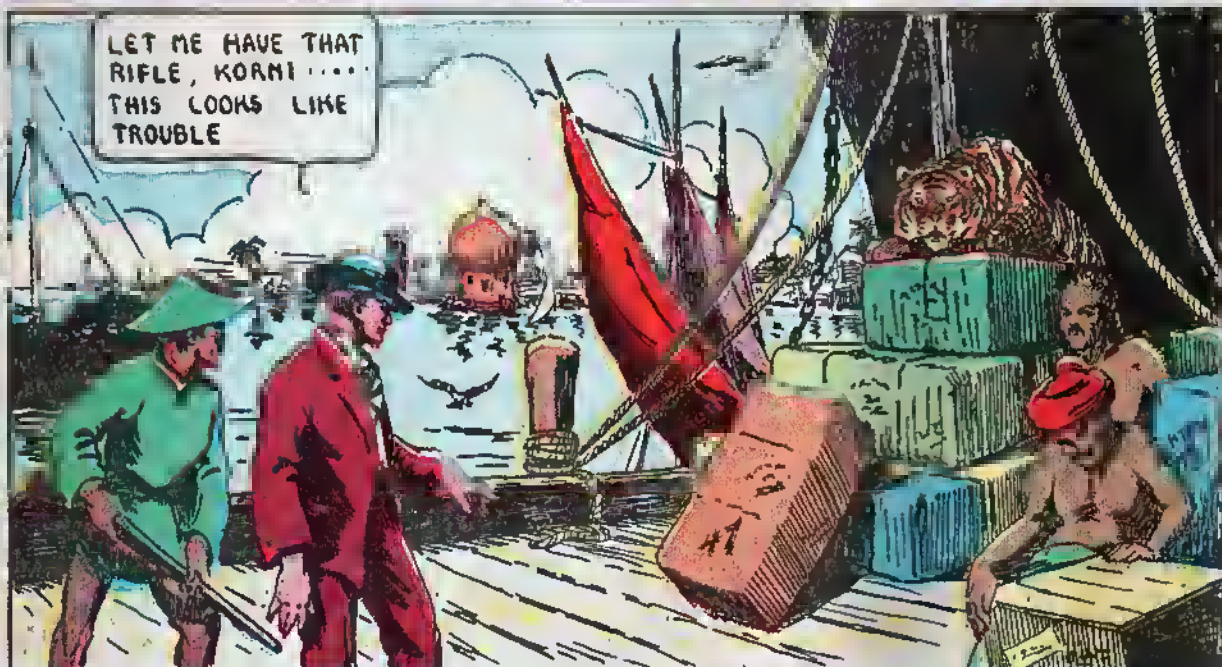
WELL TOM WE
CERTAINLY EARNED
THIS VACATION
AFTER TAKING
THOSE PICTURES

YEAH BILL! BUT
ONE OF THESE
DAYS YOU AND I
ARE GOING TO WIND
UP IN FRONT OF
A FIRING SQUAD

TRAINED TIGER

A Complete Joe Bratley Story
by VICTOR J. DOWLING

LET ME HAVE THAT
RIFLE, KORN!
THIS LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE



AS JOE BRATLEY WALKS DOWN THE WATERFRONT OF SAMPORE, AN INDIAN SEAPORT TOWN, HE IS STARTLED BY THE STRANGE SIGHT OF A HUGE TIGER SLINKING UNOBSERVED AMONG THE PILES OF CARGO

RUN BACK TO GILBERT'S
OFFICE AND HAVE HIM
BRING A CAGE UP...
I'LL KEEP THIS FELLOW
COVERED IN CASE HE
STARTS ANYTHING.



HEY!

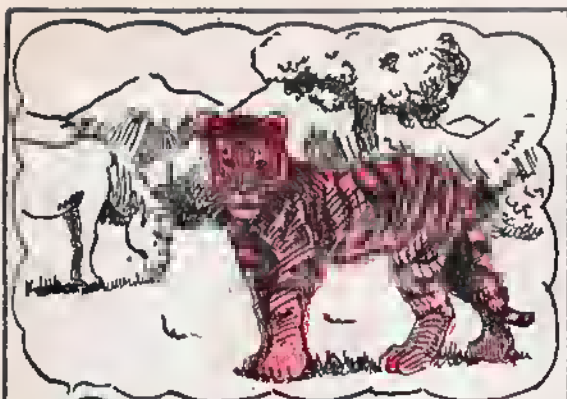
DROP THAT GUN,
YA BLEEDIN' IDIOT.











"I GOT 'IM WHEN 'E WAS A LITTLE FELLOW. - ALWAYS QUIET AN' GENTLE. 'E WAS, AN' I TURNED 'IM LOOSE NOW AN' THEN WITH THE PONY."



"ONE DAY 'E GETS FEELIN' MEAN, AN' CREEPS UP BEHIND QUEENIE. RIPPED 'ER RIGHT DOWN THE FLANK, 'E DID. SHE'S AWFUL SPUNKY, QUEENIE IS"



"AND SHE LEAPED RIGHT INTO THAT CUB AN' SPILLED 'IM OVER. AN' WENT TO WORK WITH TOOTH AN' 'OOF. I GUESS SHE WOULD 'AVE FINISHED 'IM ..."



"BUT 'E RAN OFF TO 'IS BOX, AN' JUST SAT THERE AN' SMARLED. AN' 'E AINT NEVER TALKED BACK TO 'ER SINCE. WHEN SHE LAYS BACK 'ER EARS AN' GOES FOR 'IM."

IT'S NOT EXACTLY IN MY LINE BUT I THINK WE COULD PUT THOSE TWO ANIMALS INTO AN ACT

THAT OLD GREASY ALL DOWN THE STREET WOULD LET ME USE 'IS THEATRE.



GILBERT, I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK OVER THAT TIGER AGAIN. HOW ABOUT IT?

IF YOU SAY SO, BRAILEY. AND I'LL BRING KURT ALONG. IF YOU DON'T MIND. HE SAYS THAT DEAST IS PAST TRAINING.







THE WINNERS!

In our November issue of Funny PICTURE STORIES we asked the readers to write a letter to the editor telling him what they thought of the magazine, the stories and the general idea of presenting complete stories all in pictures. Here's what happened:—

An avalanche of letters descended upon us from all points of the compass. It seemed that every reader wanted to win the dollar offered for each of the ten best letters. It made a lot of work, also a lot of fun. And here are the winners, listed below:

CALIFORNIA	Lowell Lyons Los Angeles	119 West 39th Street
CANADA (Ontario) .	Julia Doumani Windsor	Corner Ouellette and Sandwich
CONNECTICUT . . .	Gertrude Kuslan West Haven	170 Washington Avenue
FLORIDA	W. J. (Bill) Farmer West Palm Beach	c/o Palm Beach Post-Times
Hawaiian Territory .	Stanley K. Tanaka Honolulu	601 Cooke Street
ILLINOIS	Joseph Hertl Chicago	11334 Watt Avenue
NEW YORK	Richard B. Ayers White Plains	232 Dobbs Ferry Road
PENNSYLVANIA . . .	Lorraine Morton West Philadelphia	52 North 58th Street
TEXAS	Roy C. Bates San Antonio	921 Alamo National Bldg.
WASHINGTON . . .	Jack Hayward Seattle	711 27th Avenue, South

MORE PRIZES

So great was the response to the first Dollar Letter offer that Funny PICTURE STORIES has decided to offer Ten more Dollar Prizes. If you did not win in the first, you still have a chance. When you have finished reading and enjoying this issue write the editor and tell him which of the stories you like the best and why. List them in order, 1, 2, 3, etc. and don't forget to clip out the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. **NO LETTERS WILL BE CONSIDERED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY THE COUPON.** Only letters written in ink or typewritten will be entered. No post-cards. The editorial department of the magazine will be sole judges. Now get your thinking caps on, and good luck.

Be sure your letter shows your correct address, and that your name is written carefully.

Funny PICTURE STORIES
11 West 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Editor:

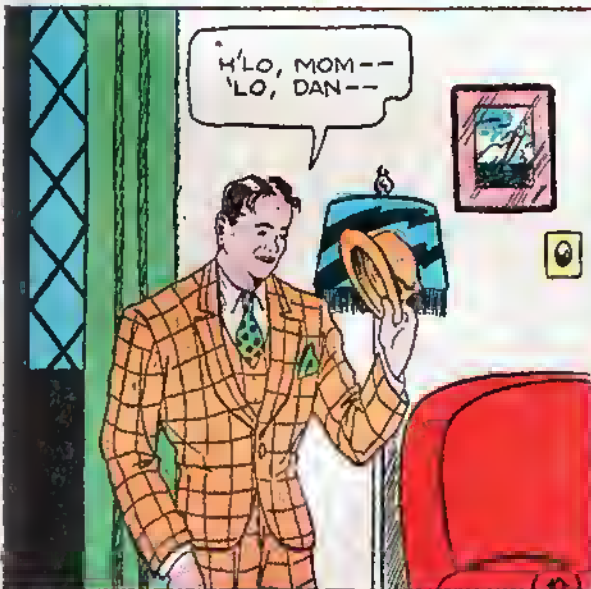
This coupon is attached to my letter, and entitled me to entry in your January issue prize letter contest.

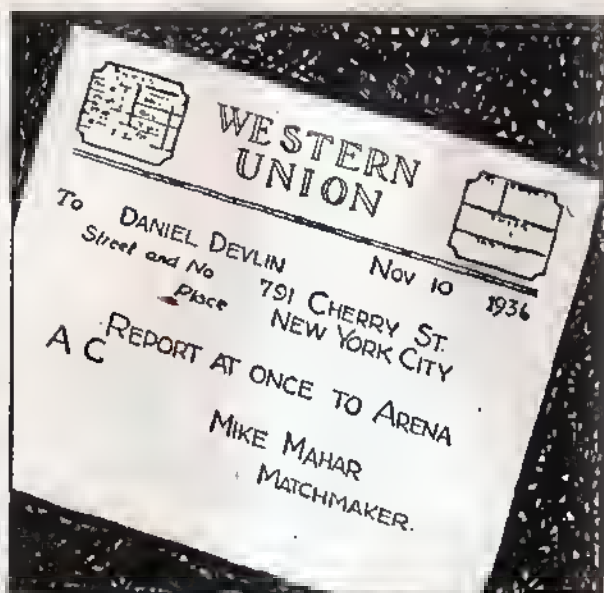
(Signed)
Print your name here.

FOR PEANUTS AND POP

A COMPLETE STORY OF THE RING, 4
GEORGE E. BRENNER.







**CRUSHER, AND HIS MEN
REALIZE DEVLIN IS A THREAT
TO THEIR CLIMB TO THE CROWN,
SO DECIDE TO KIDNAP AND DO
AWAY WITH HIM -----**

**NOT KNOWING THIS, DANNY
SENDS HIS TWIN BROTHER,
"PEANUTS", OVER TO THE
GYM, TO GET HIS TOGS,
CRUSHER, MISTAKES
"PEANUTS" FOR DAN AND
ORDERS HIS MEN TO NAB
HIM -----**

GOSH! - HE'S BEEN GONE NEAR AN
HOUR, NOW, -- I BETTER GO DOWN
AN' SEE WHAT'S KEEPIN' HIM --
-AN' TH' LITTLE HOG TOOK TH'
WHOLE BAG OF PEANUTS WITH
HIM, TOO!



HEY, JOE, -- YOU
SEE MY BROTHER
HERE, TONIGHT?

YEAH, - HE WENT
IN ALONE AN' CAME
OUT WIT' A COUPLA
GUYS, ABOUT A HALF
HOUR AGO ---



WHICH WAY'D
THEY GO?

- DAT WAY -
AN' TOINED AT
DA CORNER!



GEE! - I SHOULDN'A
LET HIM COME DOWN
NEAR TH' WATER -
FRONT, ON A NIGHT
LIKE THIS - IN HIS
CONDITION ---

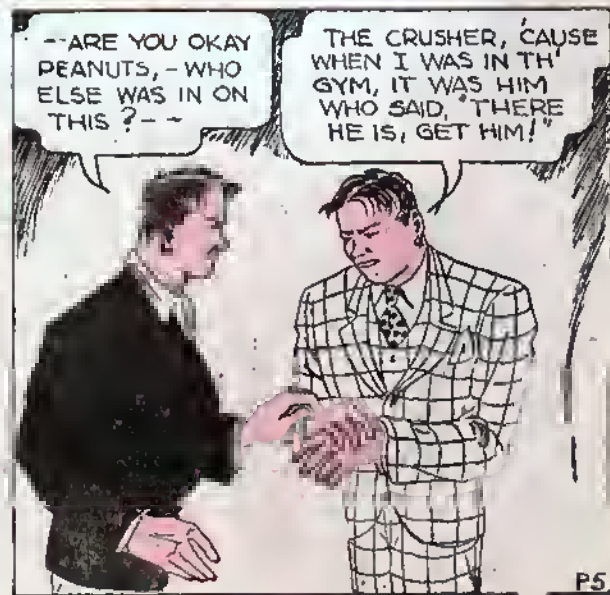


WHAT TH'! --
-PEANUTS--

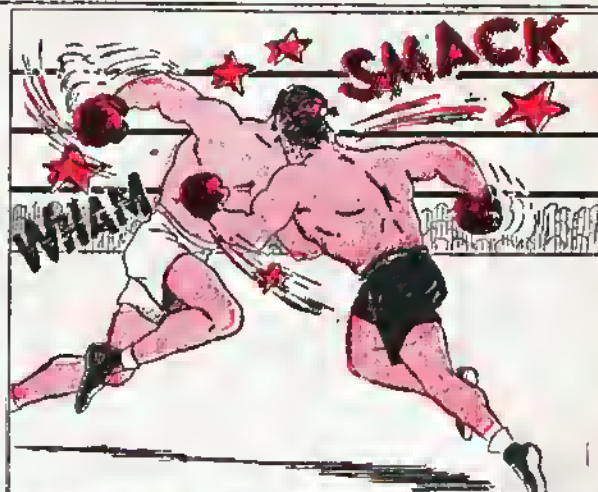
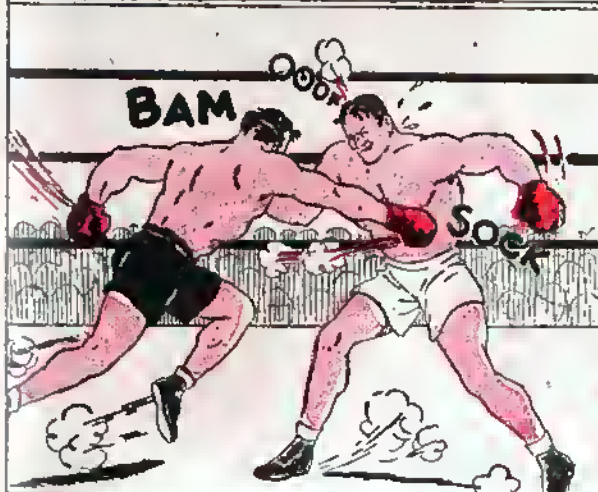




THE PEANUT TRAIL LEADS DANNY TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE, AND HE LOSES NO TIME IN ENTERING-----



WITH THE STOMPING OF FEET AND THE CHANTS OF AN IMPATIENT CROWD, STILL ECHOING IN HIS EARS, DANNY, AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, RUSHES ACROSS THE RING--TO ANIHILATE THE LAST OF THE GANG, WHO HARMED HIS BROTHER----



THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, DAN LEAVES HIMSELF WIDE OPEN AND LIKE A FLASH, THE CRUSHER TAKES ADVANTAGE, AND SLOWS HIM UP WITH A HARD RIGHT AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A-----



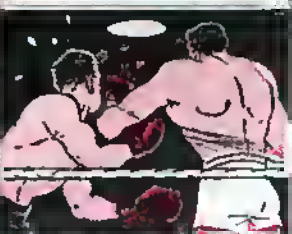
QUIT STALLIN' YA FAKE, GET UP AN' FIGHT!



DANNY, WEAKENED BY HIS PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE TWO HANDLERS, AND HIS RUN TO THE FIGHT CLUB, IS AN EASY VICTIM FOR THE CRUSHER--DEFEAT RUNS THRU HIS FOGGED BRAIN---OUT--OUT--AND THE BELL RINGS

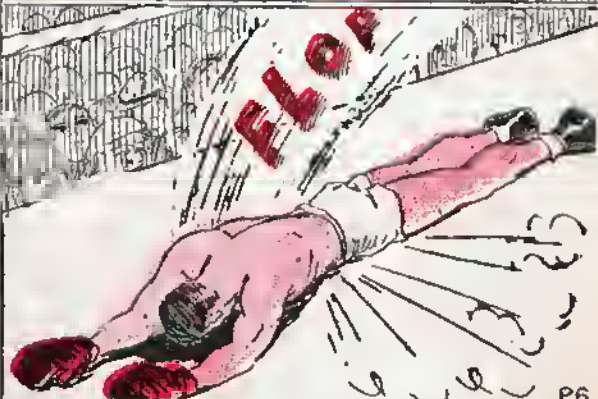
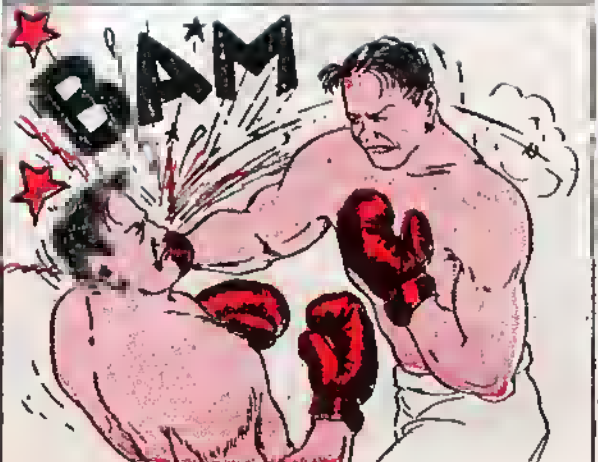


A LEFT FLUSH ON THE JAW PUTS DAN ON THE FL



RUSHING OUT FOR THE SECOND ROUND, DAN MEETS THE CRUSHER BEFORE HE LEAVES HIS CORNER AND LANDS A BONE CRUSHING RIGHT TO THE CHIN----

AS DEVLIN STEPS BACK TO OELIVER THE FINISHING BLOW, THE CRUSHER FALLS, FLAT ON HIS FACE--OUT COLD--AND--



THE FIGHT IS OVER!!

THE FIGHT OVER, AND HIS SHARE OF THE RECEIPTS, SAFELY TUCKED IN HIS POCKET, DANNY RUNS ALL THE WAY HOME -----



MOM! --
CATCH! --

OH! DANNY --
-AN' WHERE IS PEANUTS-



-HE WENT OVER TO TH' GYM, TO GET ALL MY STUFF --- C'MON' NOW, START PACKIN'-- WE CAN DO THOSE THINGS FOR PEANUTS AN' POP-- THAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED! TO DO!



BUT DANNY, YE CAN'T LAVE NOW, JIST WHEN YE MAKE A NAME F'YE SELF-- YAIN'T KNOWN OUT WEST--

F'GET IT MOM, -I CAN STILL WORK AT TH' FIGHT GAME-- --PUNCHIN' COWS, FOR A MEAT FACTORY!



-THERE'S TH' BELL, DANNY--SEE WHO IT IS?



-ONLY ANOTHER TELEGRAM--
YEOW!

-WHAT IS IT-- SON?



WESTERN UNION

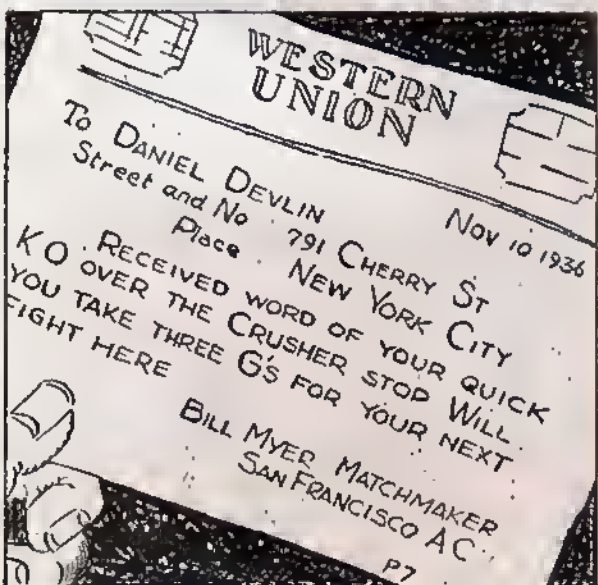
To DANIEL DEVLIN
Street and No 791 CHERRY ST
Place NEW YORK CITY

Nov 10 1936

RECEIVED WORD OF YOUR QUICK
KO OVER THE CRUSHER STOP WILL
YOU TAKE THREE G'S FOR YOUR NEXT
FIGHT HERE

BILL MYER MATCHMAKER
SAN FRANCISCO AC

P7



BE A DETECTIVE

LEARN how to track the criminal and bring him back alive. Learn the tricks of the ace sleuths, the famous G-men and the clever private detectives. You can do it in twelve easy lessons — and you don't need a tammy-gun or a flashlight. All you need is a dollar. We do the rest.



ONE DOLLAR will bring you twelve issues of the fascinating magazine — DETECTIVE Picture STORIES. Read the thrilling stories of the law-breakers brought to justice, see with your own eyes how the detective gets his man. Here is a magazine crammed full of color, action, plot and punch. You'll see why crime does not pay, why the police always put the finger on the criminal. . . .

Mail this coupon today and pin a dollar to it. It will bring you a heap of joy and real thrills.

DO IT NOW!

The COMICS MAGAZINE CO., Inc.
17 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

DS-D

Dear Publisher:—

Here's a dollar. Send me the next 12 issues of
DETECTIVE PICTURE STORIES

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

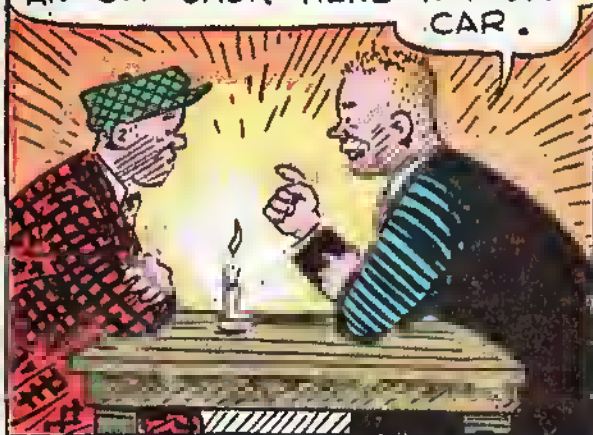
DOUBLE TROUBLE

BY
JOE E BURESCH

IN A SMALL TOWN IN OHIO,
LIVES A RICH BANKER --
OLIVER R. WATSON, WITH HIS
WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN, TWIN
BOYS. BUT NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON
A NEW SETTING, SOME TWENTY
MILES FROM THE WATSON'S -- A
CRUDE SHACK AMONG OHIO'S FARMLAND

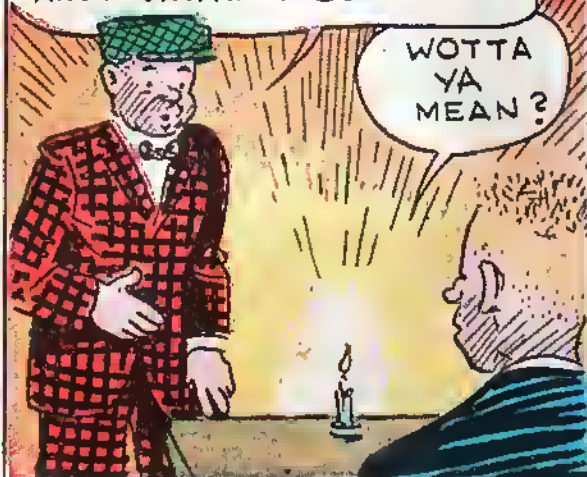


--DEN WE'LL GRAB DA TWINS
AN' GIT BACK HERE WIT DA
CAR.



INSIDE THE SHACK, TWO MEN
WERE TALKING OF THE WATSON'S.

VEH VEH IT SOUNDS GOOD
BUTCH, BUT DA SNATCH RACKET
AIN'T WHAT IT USTER BE.

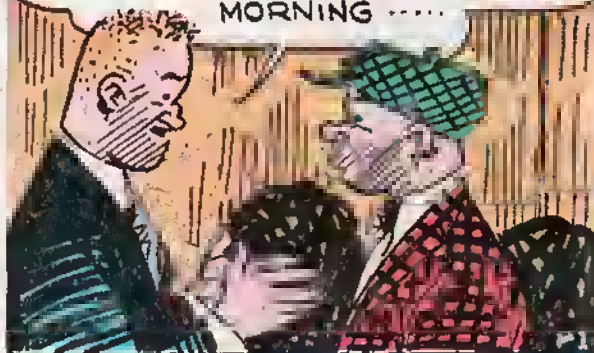


WOTTA
YA
MEAN?

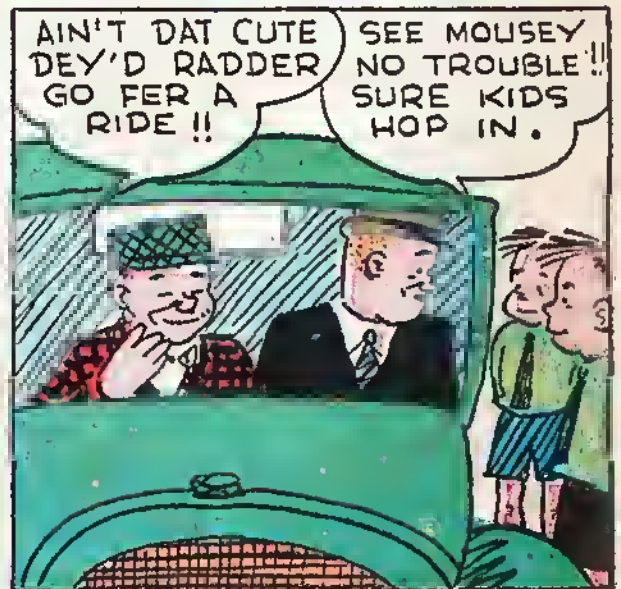
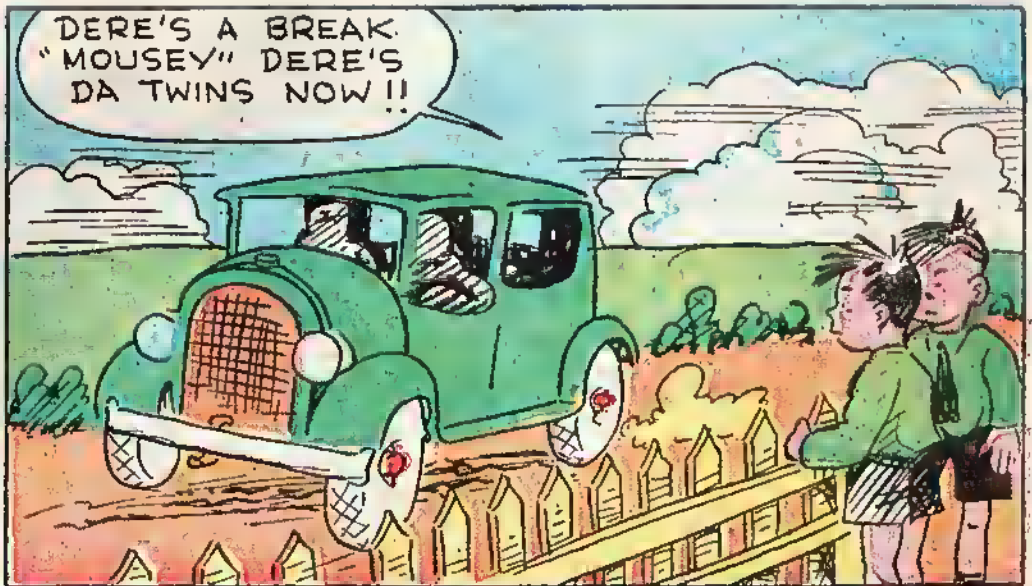
DA "FEDS" BUTCH !! DEY HANDLE
DESE CASES AN' DEY'LL MAKE
IT HOT FER US !! COMMON
DICKS -- OK BUT "FEDS"
HUH UH.

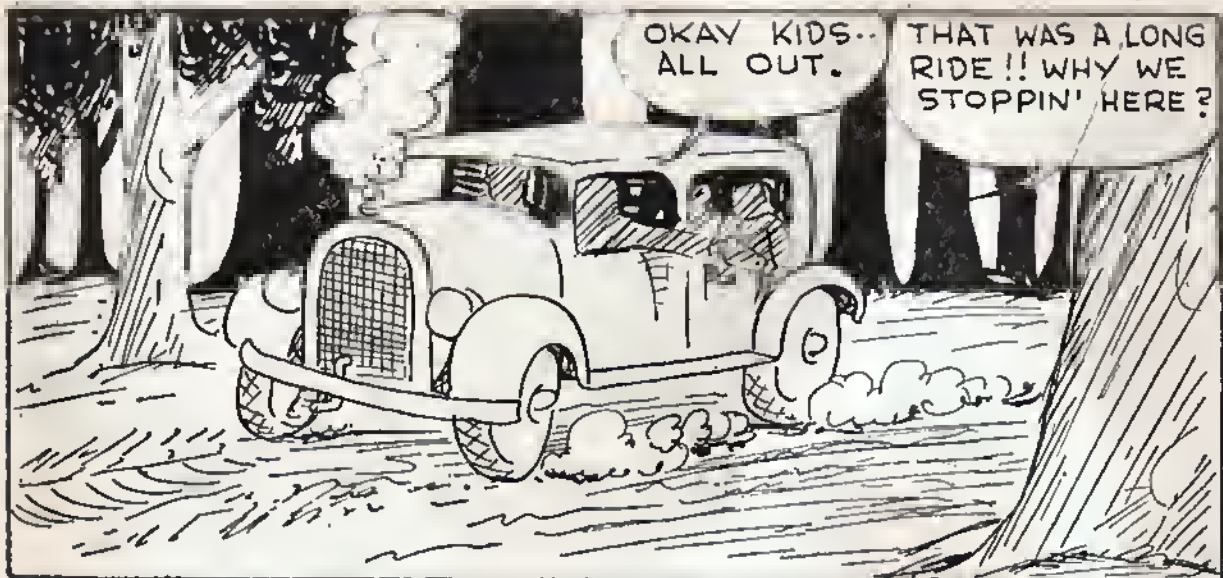


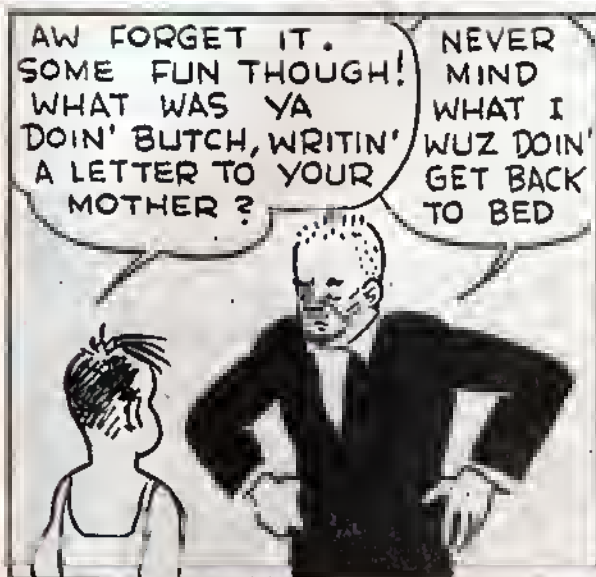
DEY AIN'T GONNA FIND US THOUGH
SEE !! DIS IS A SWELL HIDEOUT.
AN WHEN WE COLLECT DA
DOUGH -- DEN WE CAN SETTLE
DOWN AN GO STRAIGHT.
NOW HERE'S HOW WE START --
WE TAKE DA CAR TOMORROW
MORNING



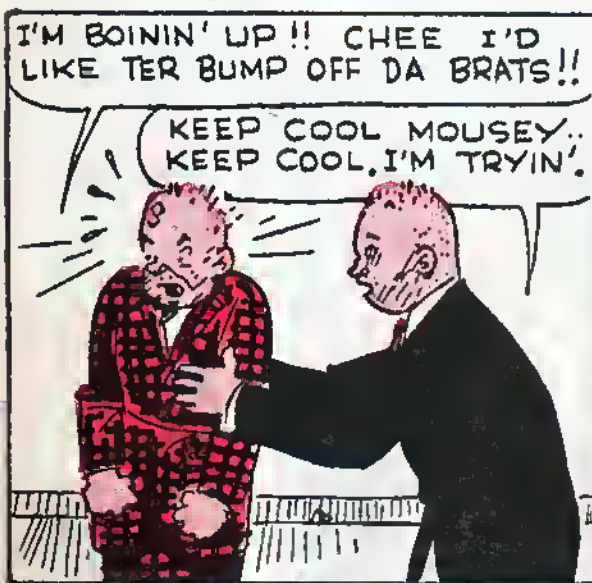
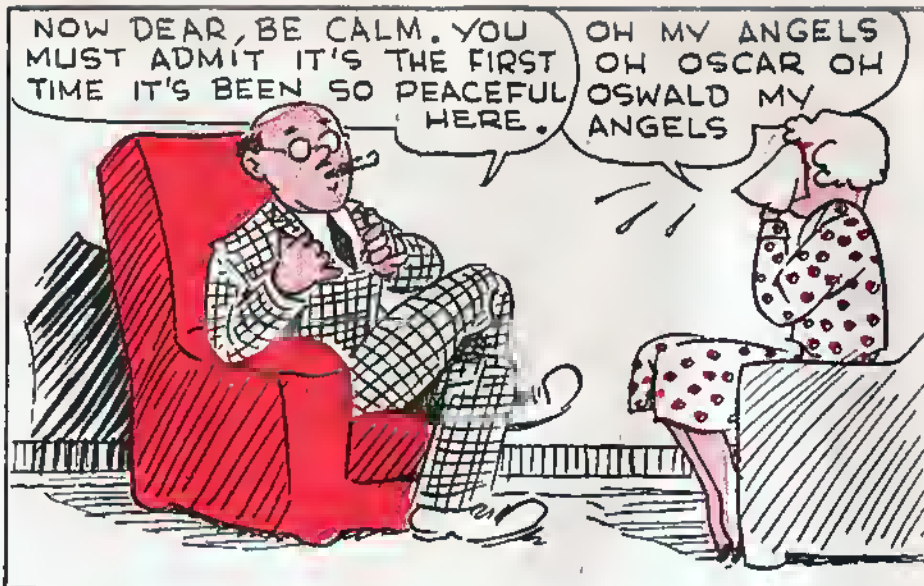
THE
NEXT
MORNING,
A CAR
STOPS
NEAR
THE
WATSON'S
HOME.

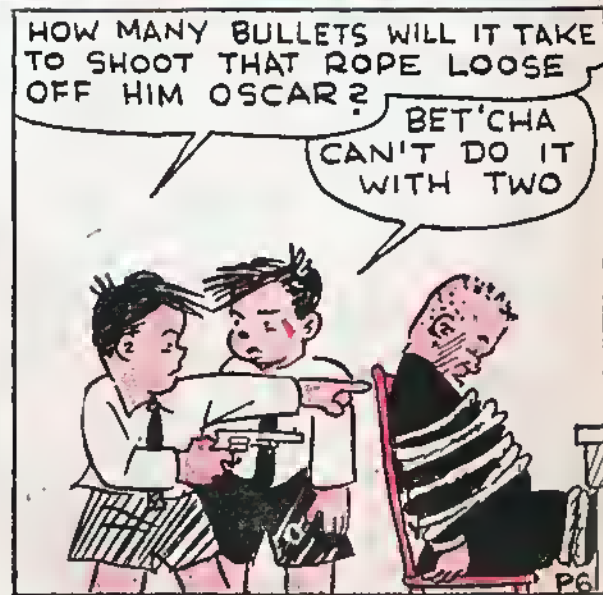






THE NEXT DAY
NEWSPAPERS
CARRIED THE
STORY OF
THE KIDNAPING
AND FEDERAL
MEN HAD
STARTED ON
THE CASE.
LET'S LOOK
IN ON THE
WATSON'S









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BATTLING BEAU BRUMMEL

**A Hard-Hitting Story
of Quick Adventure!**

By MALCOLM BRUCE

BOB BRUMMEL came from a long line of fighting men, but he was a gentleman as measured by the standards of society; a gentleman in the eyes of everyone except Helen Beresford. Because Bob resented the brutal beating of a steaming team of horses and halted the taxi in which he and Helen were riding, to administer a beautiful trouncing to the driver, one Dynamite Devaney, pug and bruiser, the lady of his heart has decided to teach Bob a lesson.

Helen chose the "silence treatment." And Fate immediately took a hand in the game of love and life, for on the edge of the crowd which witnessed Bob's brief but brilliant street battle, there was a man and a girl who were destined to play important parts in his life from there on. The man was Ace Martin, veteran manager of ring stars. The girl was Ruth Potter. Back through the years to a war-torn battle area Ruth recalls the face of this stalwart doughboy. She had been a nurse and he a soldier of Uncle Sam. Would the world trails bring them together yet?



AND NOW she had seen him again. Her face was flushed with a warm excitement and as her taxi turned into the street on which she lived she realized that she was daubing foolishly at persistent tearful eyes.

At the Marldorf, true to his expectations, Bob saw Helen, but it was as if he were an utter stranger. She gave him not the slightest attention and through the entire evening she was studiously unaware of his presence, avoiding him, at times, by inches.

Hurt though he was, Bob refused to let Helen see it or give her a chance to read the depth of the wound she had left in his heart. Mingling with the party he forced himself to affect an enjoyment of the supper, threw himself into the jollity of the small talk, and, afterward, drove himself out upon the smooth glass-like floor where he danced with the prettiest and wittiest girls he could find. He was a divine dancer. Helen had often told him so herself. Possibly now she was sorry. Repeatedly he sought to catch her eye as he swept gracefully through a waltz or a fox-trot, but in this he was never rewarded. Once he surprised her in a corner with a group of friends about her and boldly asked the next dance, to which she replied with the briefest of nods "I'm sorry but my book is filled."



CHAPTER III

Fate: The Referee

CHIVALRY thy name is bunk! More than once during the following week Bob Brummel expressed a firm belief in this adage of the twentieth century. After several unsuccessful attempts to square himself by phone, flowers and confections, he allowed himself to be coaxed away to the country club.

Despite the fact that he realized the truth of the faint heart theory, he argued this point with himself and decided that his pride was deserving of some consideration. Some day, perhaps sooner than that, Helen would see him in his proper light.

Since the playful days of his childhood he had often been referred to as a modern D'Artagnan. Protector of the weak, champion of the under dog; that was Bob Brummel. In college, where they had christened him "Beau," he had plastered the collegiate champion with his trusty right hook, but had let it go at that. All manner of entreaty had failed to persuade him toward the game of the gloved gladiators. Like the heroes of the days that are gone "Beau" Brummel preferred to "take his fighting where he found it." And he had found plenty.

At home, the attitude toward the subject of Bob and his battles was somewhat divided. The "governor," even before he retired from his practice with a comfortable fortune, referred often to Bob's special forte as "little troubles of youth." This was of course before his college days and a long time before the big fight "over there." With his mother it was a white horse of another color. Bob, she was sure, took after his great-grandfather on his paternal side, whose handsome, though heavily bearded face, had looked upon numberless scenes of bloody carnage during those spirited times when our country was young and daring. Brummel! The name stood like a milestone in the progressive path of the nation. Robert Harper Brummel, warrior, statesman and defender of the weak. A ruthless, conscienceless, heartless fighting idiot who would rather fight than eat—generally accounted for by the fact that there was more of the former to be had than of the latter.

This was the "mater's" way of putting it, and always in the absence of Bob's father, for whom



she had the utmost respect.

Now Helen Beresford had, of course, heard this story more than once from the lips of Bob's mother and the two women were in hearty accord in the matter of masculine follies. This in itself was most remarkable, for neither had ever encountered another of her own sex who cherished the same viewpoint on any one subject. Helen, herself, was fond of Bob, or Beau as she sometimes called him, but there was that in her make-up that refused to look with sanction on a picture of Mrs. Helen Brummel—whose husband was continually fighting whether it be for her protection or any one's else.

Fighting was for the ages that were past when men made bloody war for the heart of timid maidens, and the welkin rung to the clash of sword and spear. She had heard her father say that the Beresfords were gallant knights in the days when the style ran to tin coats and pants and a fellow changed his suit with the aid of a can opener. Today the Beresfords were gentlemen. Except, of course, Helen, who was a lady. She secretly cherished the hope that the Brummel escutcheon would not be dragged in the mire by a heedless, headstrong son. Meaning Bob, of course.

THE FACT that Bob Brummel was the best dressed fellow in their particular circle was not Helen's reason for relenting. She had thought it over, believing him sufficiently chastised, so his invitation went out with the others. The party promised to be a great success. The Beresford mansion was decorated for the occasion by the most stylish caterers in town, and when old man Beresford went in for decorating he pinned the flowers on with gold safety pins. Which is to say that he spent with both hands and both feet. Reports had it that papa had more rocks than Rock Island.

Bob was there as harmless and handsome as ever and not quite as slick and gentle as Helen would have had him, though he made her know with his eyes and his lips that she was a queen of her sex. Helen was her most charming self, and any uneasiness which Bob might have felt would have been dismissed at once had he known the care with which she had perfected her toilette to appear at her very best before him. She fairly sparkled with radiance as she led him to the side of the reception room to introduce him to a friend.

"And this is Ruth Potter," she said, as Bob bowed his lowest and his eyes rested for a moment on the face of the girl. It was that same girl again, and she was looking up into his face as if she would like to say something. But she didn't say it.

So Bob admitted that he was quite charmed at the meeting, and took his first opportunity to follow Helen. The Potter girl was nice, of course, and all that, and her face was somehow familiar, but for the life of him he couldn't tell how. He wished he knew why she looked at him like that, but of course, she couldn't be expected to tell him right out. It was more than probable that he looked like some one she knew. Helen was the most beautiful thing in the whole house.

From afar Papa Beresford surveyed the scene of merriment until his years and the hands on the big clock in the hall whispered a bed-time duet in his ear. The "kids" were having a good time and could stand it but—well—he waved his hand and mumbled a goodnight as he passed Bob going toward the broad staircase.

CHAPTER IV

Adventure In the Night

SOMETIME past midnight the butler came running to Miss Helen with the news. There was somebody creeping around in the house downstairs. He was sure it was a burglar. For a moment the music and laughter halted, then Bob, like the trouble-hunter that he was, gave the signal to proceed and the radio loudspeaker broke forth again with the dance music. Trembling hands tried to appear at ease and faltering voices essayed conversational tones. A few even stumbled out on the waxed floor. But Bob and Jerry Dunsmore tiptoed to the head of the stairs where they listened with straining ears to the sounds from the floor below.

Somebody was in the house to be sure. Helen was at the phone in a trice in an effort to reach the police, but Bob's plan called for the hand-to-hand conflict. It was the old spirit that was always rising within him, and close beside him hung the enchanted figure of Ruth Potter, her hands clasped tensely with excitement, her eyes following Bob's every move.

"Make some kind of noise here, Jerry," he said, pointing to the stairs. "Make them think you are going down. I'll go to the back window and we'll take them by surprise."

Much misgiving was felt at this suggestion and Helen sought to dissuade Bob from the idea. Thieves carried weapons and perhaps—it was too terrible to think. Hadn't they all better wait for the police?

Bob grinned sheepishly, but edged away, as he felt a small hand patting him on the broad of his back. It was that Potter girl with the wistful eyes. He caught her beaming at him as he slipped away toward the rear. Jerry nodded as he saw him go.

Ruth Potter was no more than six inches from his shoulder as he dropped from the casement.

"Please be careful," he heard her call softly.

What followed was swifter than ever Bob had anticipated. Jerry's efforts at the stair had proved effective at once and but a few moments had elapsed before the rear windows of the house were crowded with the faces of the guests, necks craned in order to witness the brief though exciting meeting between Beau and the intruder. Foremost among these faces and occupying the best posi-

tion was that of Ruth Potter, fascinated.

Slipping quietly out of the door the man tore the mask from his face and swung the bag he carried to his shoulder. As he did he came face to face with an apparition. Before him, where but a moment previous, had been only black night and an open lawn, there now stood the stalwart figure of a man in evening clothes. Bob had dropped from the window above. It had been but an instant, and then the two were fighting fiercely—one for life and liberty, the other because it was in his blood.

Swinging, ducking, plunging, their bodies now free and bending in attack or defense, then clenched in desperate struggle, until the burglar reached for a pocket beneath his coat. There were cries from above, and Bob recognized the Potter girl's voice shouting a warning.

"Quick, Bob," she cried shrilly, "Quick!"

It was as a signal for the battling Beau Brummel. The man was tugging and cursing, and Bob leaped in. There was the crash of a fist. From the front of the house came the sound of rushing feet and a growled order. But they were too late. As the police came rushing into the scene Bob was rubbing his hands. He pointed to the still figure beside the door step.

"Just in time, officer," he laughed. "We've got a customer here for you."

The first policeman was examining the inert form at their feet, and he looked up into the glare from the other's flashlight.

"An' what did ye hit 'im with?" he inquired, gravely.

"This," said Bob, clenching his right hand. "I had to."

"It might jus' as well been a lead pipe, mister," returned the arm of the law with a feigned note of sadness in his voice. "This guy is right now a hold-out from heaven. He may live, but listen," he rose and faced Bob seriously, "you oughta be takin' a crack at the champeen hisself with a sock like yours."

A girl's voice echoed the same sentiments from above.

"I second the motion," called Ruth Potter with a quick little laugh.

"Hello!" It was the sergeant himself tired of waiting in front for the prisoner to be dragged out. "What have we here?" He looked at Bob as he spoke, but the faithful "flatties" stepped aside for the three-striper.

"Cold as a herring," said one with a gesture, and the sergeant bent double for a closer look.

"Bless us an' save us," he ejaculated, turning to the others. "It's none other than the Owl hisself. May the Hivens be praised." He swung around to Bob. "Me boy," he said, "there's upwards o' four thousand bucks reward for this baby this night. What did you say your name was?"

By this time the guests and the servants were flocked around the tiny group at the door. Even Papa Beresford, slumbers disturbed, was hugging a dressing gown around him in the doorway. Burglar! Bob! Knockout! And a reward! It was like a play, and some of the girls began to weep at the thought that perhaps the poor misguided man would leave behind him a wife and twelve tiny children to face the bitter world while he went to prison doomed—for the rest of his natural life to eat chicken and lee cream, and to play cards and listen to the radio concerts.

When it was over and the Owl was carried away to the coop which had been waiting for him many nights, the guests at the Beresford party gathered about a second supper. A sort of hurried affair

and in especial honor of Beau Brummel. The trouble hunter who had saved the family silver.

Surely no one could find reason to object to this latest exhibition of fistic prowess on Bob's part. His was an act of bravery, pure unadulterated heroism upon which society could look with pride. The head of the Beresford clan was for crowning Bob with the laurel, at once, and, though still clad in his dressing gown, he lingered with the males of the party discussing Brummel's chances against the reigning heavyweight champion.

No need to express his daughter's attitude on this question. Helen was still drawing a fine sharp line between gratitude and actual hero worship. Fighting was always to be abhorred, though, as it was pointed out to her, this was a role apart from the ordinary in Bob's rapidly expanding repertoire.

On the other hand Ruth Potter voiced her enthusiastic approval of the instincts which prompted Bob and the courage which helped him to carry through to a victorious conclusion.

CHAPTER V Life or Death?

OTHER men before him had worn the shoes which now encased the feet of handsome, dashing Beau Brummel. Following the printing of the story recounting the exciting capture of the Owl, Bob found himself the central figure in several mysterious scrapes the reason for which he was unable to fathom. He was surprised one evening on his way home from the Beresfords' and but for his superb physique and skill with his fists, his life might have been forfeit.

Some said it was friends of the truckman who had been humiliated by the beating some weeks past. This episode had come to light and was known generally. Bob laughed it off in his usual bluff fashion. Others, probably influenced by life long knowledge of Bob's nature, claimed that it was he who started the trouble for pure love of action.

But Bob denied these allegations emphatically, until his father warned him that he was making a name for himself and as a consequence would be subjected to attacks of more or less vicious nature until he learned to control his fists. There is always someone ready to try for fame over the body of a fallen hero.

"Just my luck, dad," replied Bob one day after his father had expressed himself. "There's no harm meant, gov'nor—but—well—you know how it is. If I stayed right here in my room in bed Old Man Trouble would break into the house to get at me. I'm thinking of opening a tea room. The gentler influence—you know—" and he broke off in a hearty laugh.

The two measured each other for a while in silence, and there was an affectionate frown on the senior Brummel's face. There did seem to be a measure of truth in his son's words. So far he had been able to take care of himself. However, a word now and then was only a father's duty. He had watched the boy carefully from babyhood and always, even in the first tiny trousers, there had been that aggressiveness; the quick and accurate hand. Had not the mother of one of his playmates christened him "Poison Ivy" after young Bob had trounced her darling? The reflection brought a fleeting smile to the corners of the old man's mouth. They had often laughed about that when Bob was little. Young Watson had been trying to squeeze a tiny kitten through a grating. He remembered the day well. And Bob had rescued the cat after thrashing mother's darling to a fare-you-well.

CONTINUED—DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE.

A TOUCHDOWN!!

**AS
THOUSANDS
CHEER**

The ALL-STARS
steam-roll to a
great victory

And they're
All-Stars in

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DEAD MAN *at* POWDER SPRING

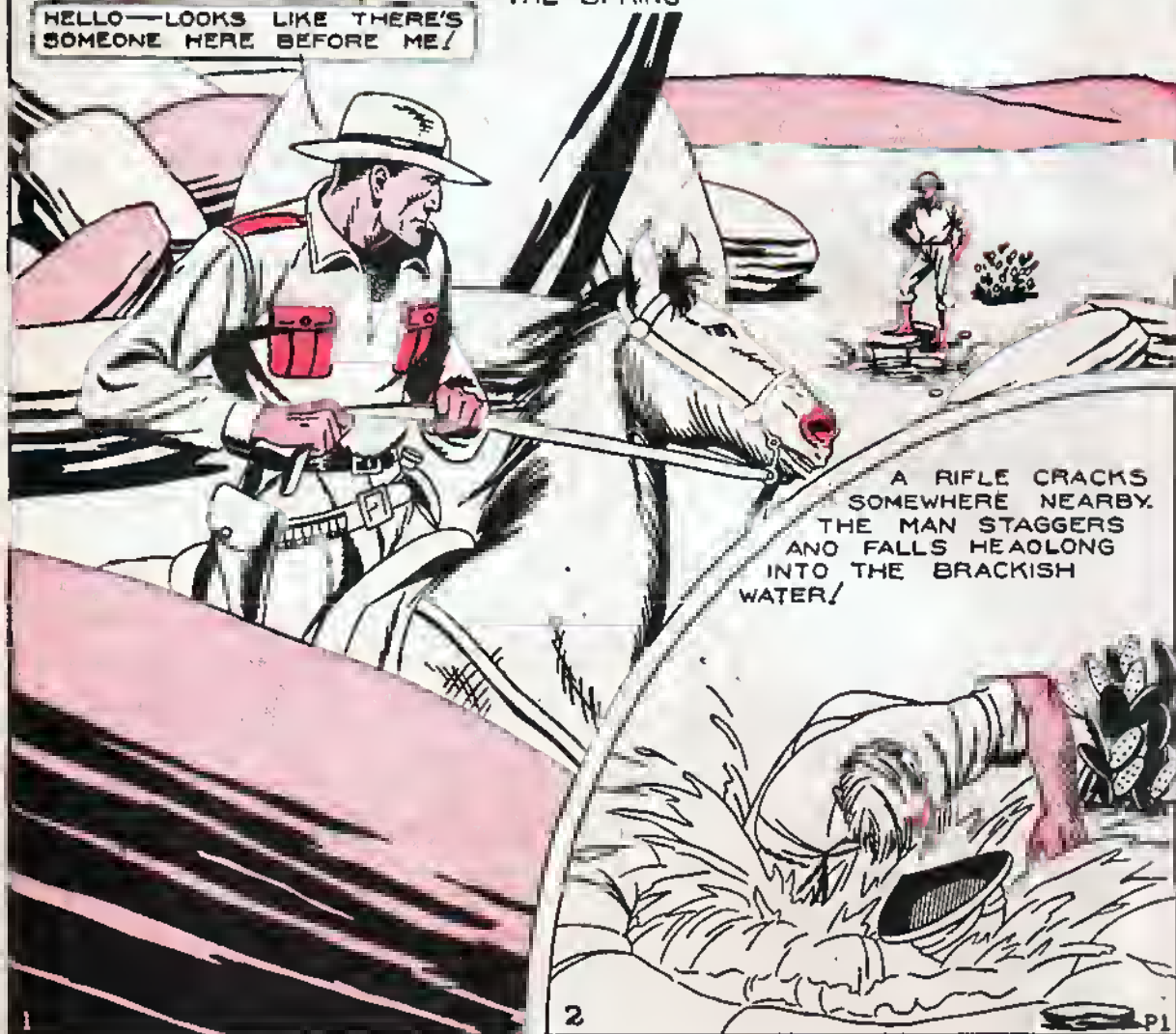
MORGAN RODE OUT OF THE NEVER-NEVER AND INTO THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE!

by E. MCD. MOORE, JR.

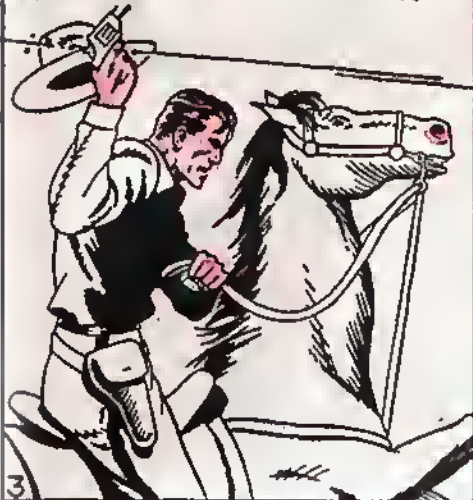
RETURNING FROM A PATROL IN THE GREAT VICTORIA DESERT, CONSTABLE MORGAN, OF THE WESTERN AUSTRALIA MOUNTED, ARRIVES AT POWDER SPRING, A LONELY WATER HOLE. HE SEES THE FIGURE OF A MAN ALREADY AT THE SPRING—

HELLO—LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMEONE HERE BEFORE ME!

A RIFLE CRACKS SOMEWHERE NEARBY. THE MAN STAGGERS AND FALLS HEADLONG INTO THE BRACKISH WATER!



MORGAN STOPS SHORT A SECOND SHOT RIPS HIS SOMBRERO FROM HIS HEAD!



INSTANTLY HE HURLS HIMSELF BEHIND A ROCK—



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BETTER SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



CARTRIDGE SHELLS—THIS IS WHERE THE SHOTS CAME FROM! WHOEVER DID THE SHOOTING MAY BE HANGING AROUND—



MOVING CAREFULLY, HE BEGINS HIS SEARCH FOR THE RIFLEMAN—

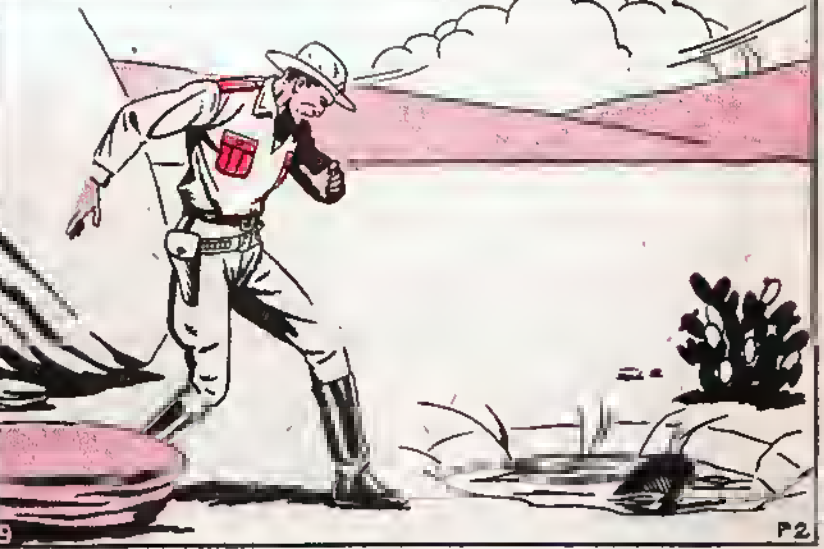
NOW I WONDER WHERE HE—



THOUGHTFULLY, MORGAN RETURNS TO THE SPRING—



THE DEAD MAN IS NOT THERE!



MORGAN DASHES BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT HIS MOUNT—

WHAT'VE I WALKED INTO HERE? MY HORSE GONE, TOO?

WHILE I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM, HE MUST HAVE CIRCLED ME AND RIDDEN OFF ON MY HORSE! BUT WHY DID HE TAKE THE DEAD MAN WITH HIM?

11

FILLING HIS CANTEEN AT THE WATER HOLE, HE STARTS BACK "INTO THE BLUE"—

THIS IS THE TRAIL—HE HAS ABOUT AN HOUR'S START ON ME, AND HE'S ON MORSEBACK. BUT I'LL FIND HIM IF I HAVE TO BREAK A LEG!

I CAN'T GO TO THE POST FOR A TRACKER—I'O PROBABLY GET KICKED OUT OF THE SERVICE FOR LOSING MY HORSE. NO—I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS THING UP BY MYSELF.

12

13

P3

SEEMS LIKE HOURS I'VE BEEN
TRAILIN' HIM—



14

SUDDENLY HE COMES ON THE BODY OF A
MAN—

GLORY BE! THIS IS THE GENT
WHO WAS SHOT AT THE SPRING!



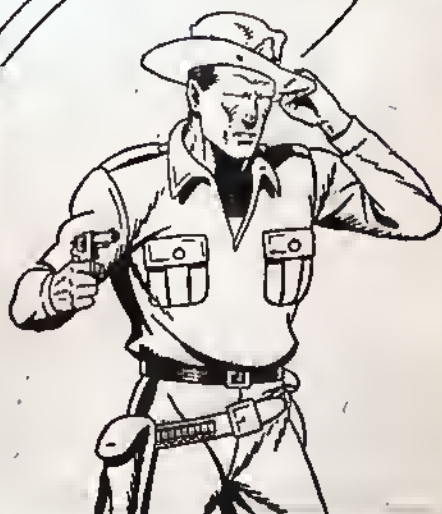
15

THERE IS A SOUND IN THE ROCKS BEHIND
HIM. MORGAN WHIRLS AND DRAWS—



16

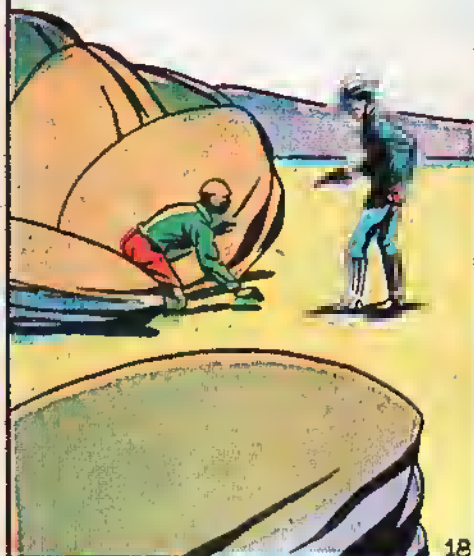
ALL RIGHT, COME
ON OUT BEFORE
I START SHOOTIN'!



17

Pg

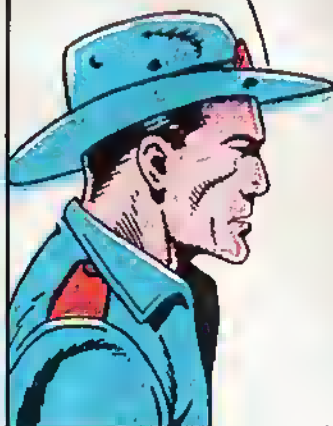
VERY SLOWLY A QUAKING
YOUNG ABORIGINE CRAWLS
FROM HIS PLACE OF
CONCEALMENT—



18

WHO'RE YOU?

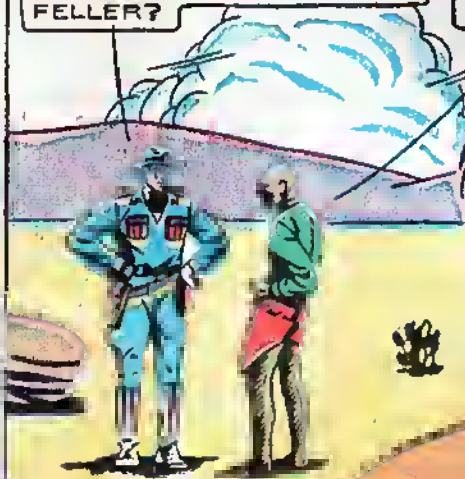
MY NAME LAO.



19

WATCH WHAT? WHAT YOU
SEE? WHO SHOT THIS
FELLER?

UM FELLER NO
SHOT. UM
FELLER DIE!



21

WHAT YOU
DO HERE?

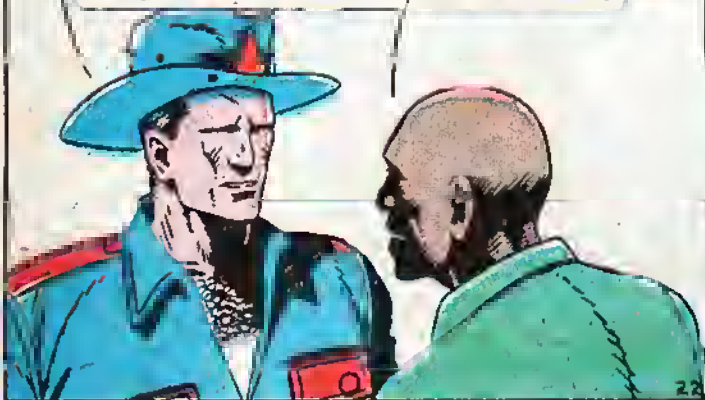
ME JUST SIT
—WATCH.



20

WHAT'S
THIS?

FELLERS COME WITH HORSE—
ONE WALK—ONE RIDE. ONE ON
HORSE GET OFF AN' SIT DOWN
AN' THEY TALK 'WHILE. ONE FELLER
RIDE OFF, AN' THEN FELLER DIE.

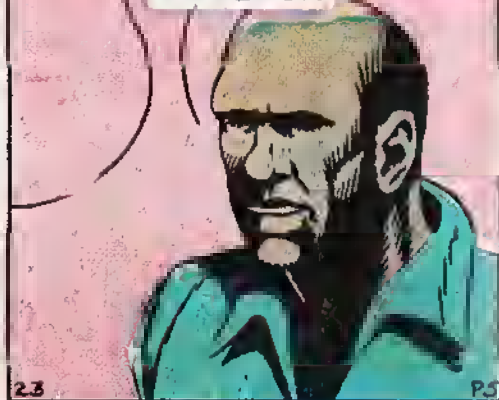


22

THE OTHER MAN—
WHERE HE GO?

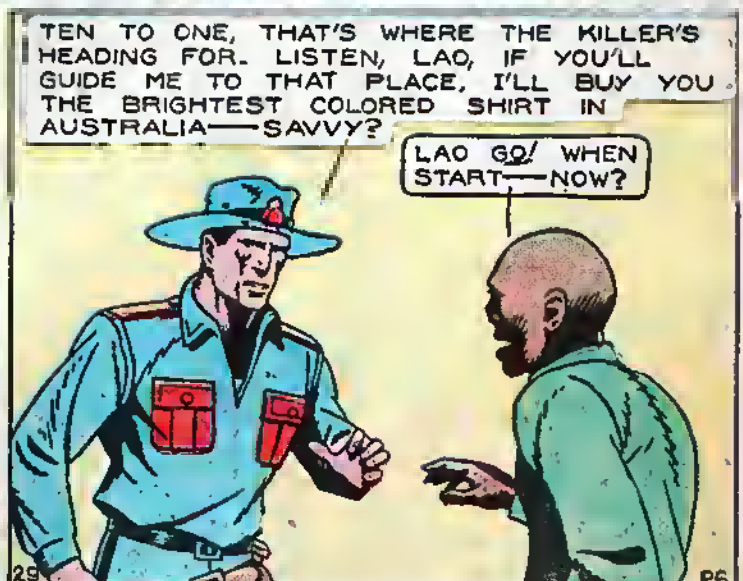
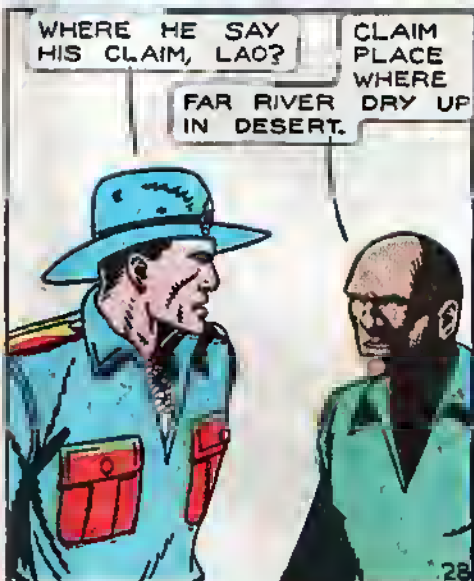
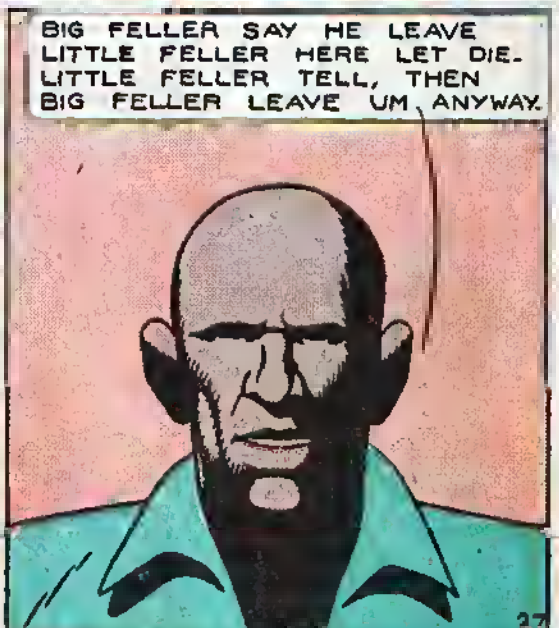
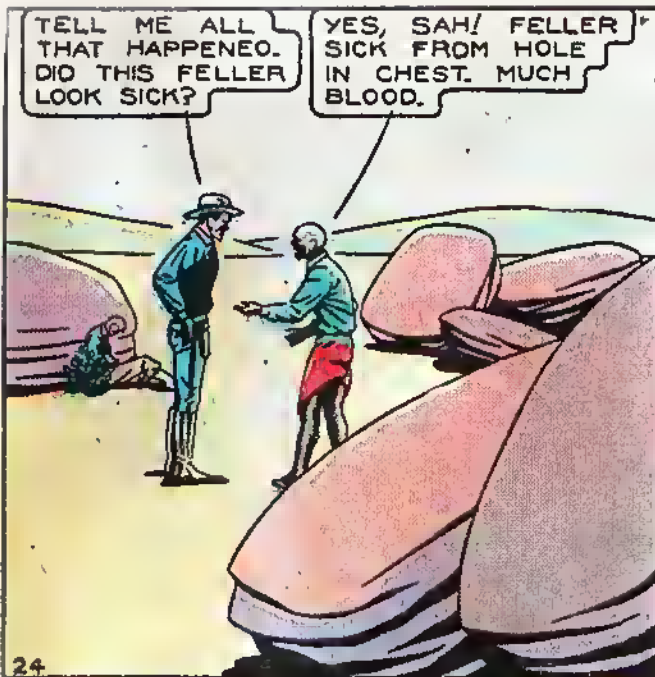
FELLER
GET ON

HORSE AN'
RIDE 'WAY. NO KNOW
WHERE GO.



23

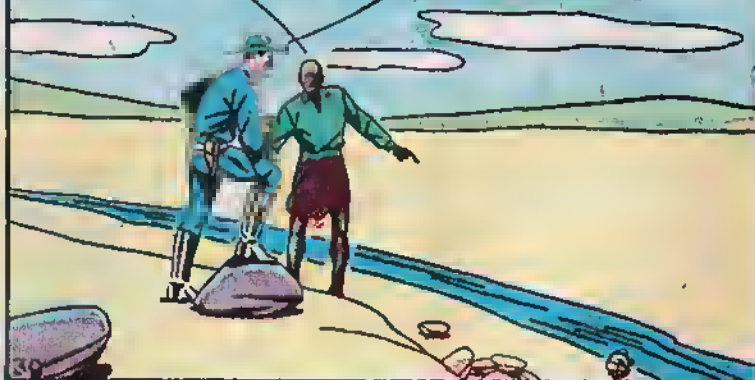
P.5



ALL NIGHT THEY TRAVEL OVER THE BARREN WASTELAND. AT DAWN, THEY REACH THE FAR RIVER—

THERE BIG FELLER, SAH! SEE UM?

YES. WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUR STEP LAO. HE MEBBE KNOW ME ON HIS TRAIL.



THERE'S MY HORSE— THE SADDLE'S STILL ON HIM. STAY HIDDEN AND GET THE HANDCUFFS— YOU SAVVY?

ME SAVVY HANDCUFFS.



HORGAN IS KNOCKED HALF AROUND AS A BULLET SMASHES INTO HIS LEFT ARM/ BUT—



HORGAN INCHES HIS WAY TOWARD THE KILLER—



SUDDENLY, THE MAN LOOKS UP LIGHTNING FAST, HE DRAWS AND FIRES!



MORGAN'S GUN ROARS! STRANGLING, THE KILLER DROPS!



HEY LAO, FELLER! NO BRING HANDCUFFS. NO NEED ON THIS FELLER—NEVER!



Ed Moore

36

P7

FISHERMEN'S LUCK

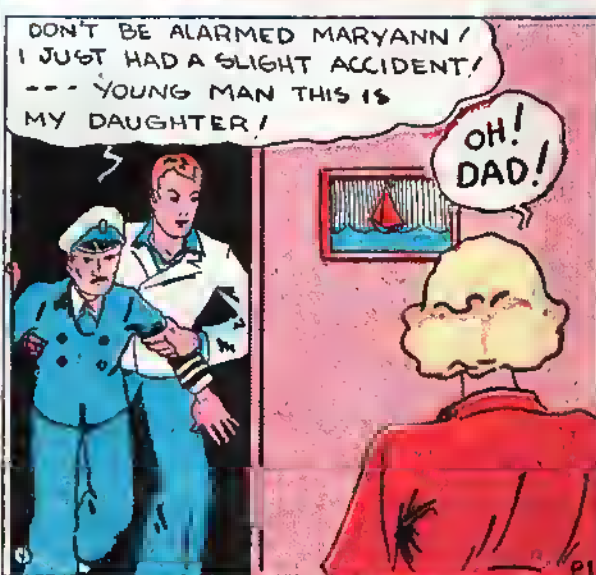
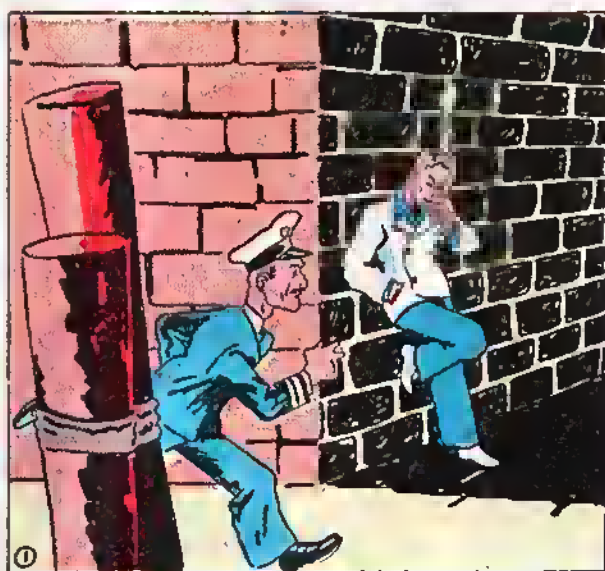
BOB COLBY TOOK HIS CHANCES ON THE
BRINEY DEEP.

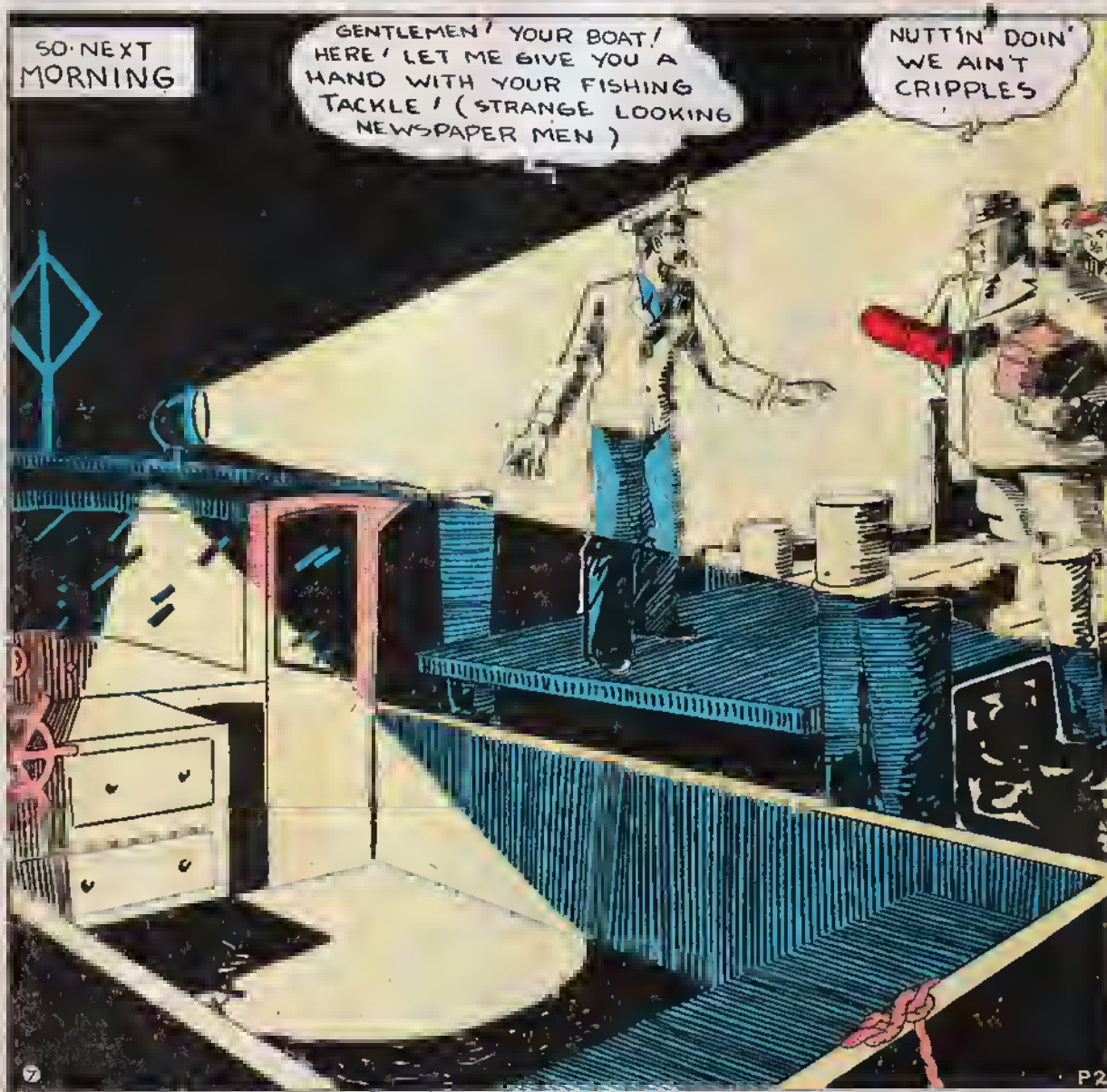
A COMPLETE STORY IN PICTURES

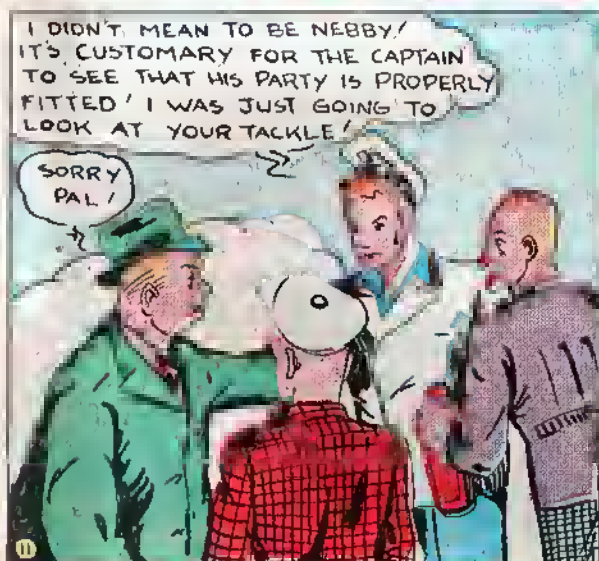
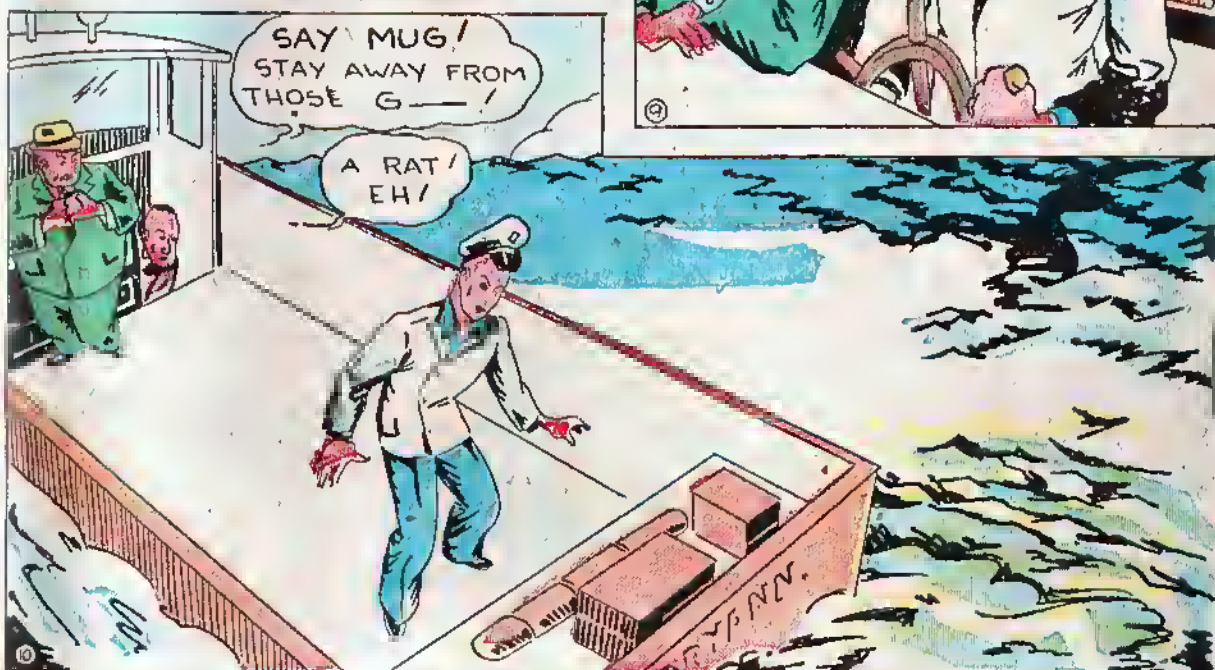
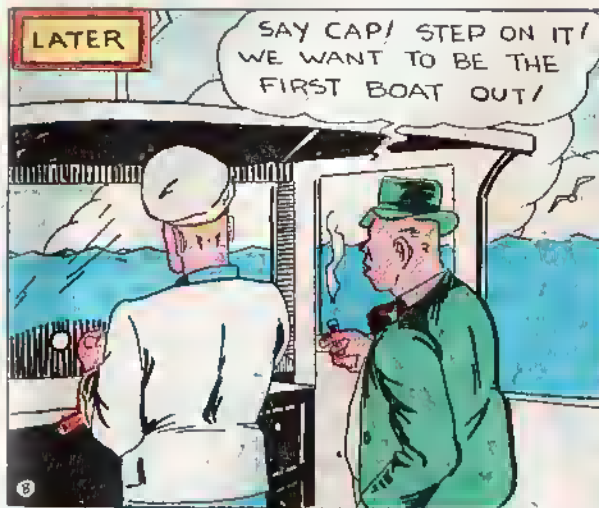
BY **MARTIN FILCHOCK**

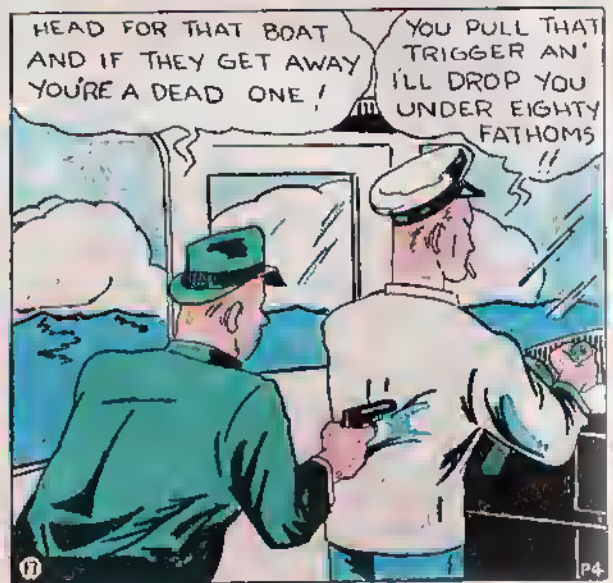
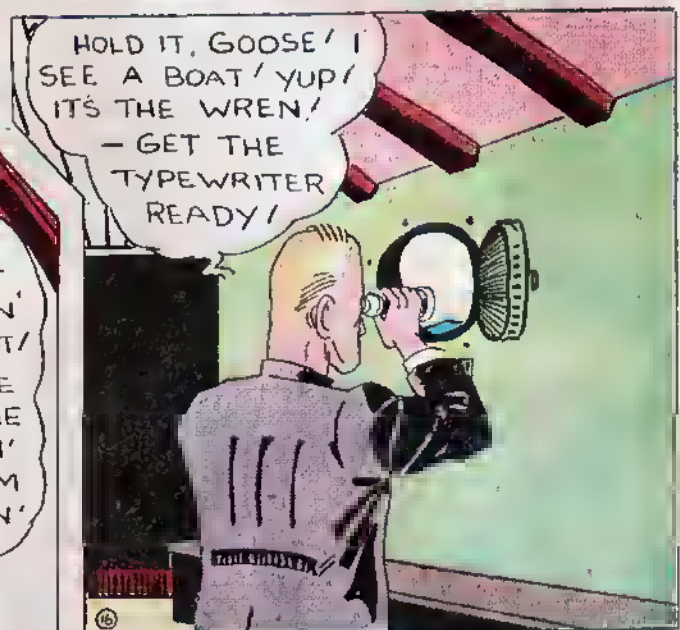
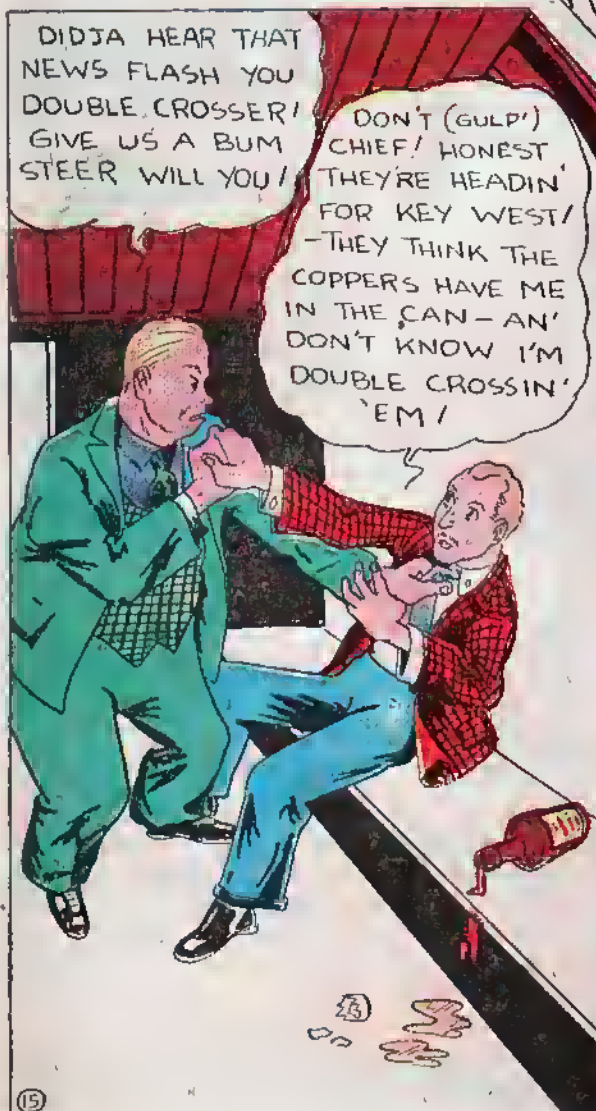
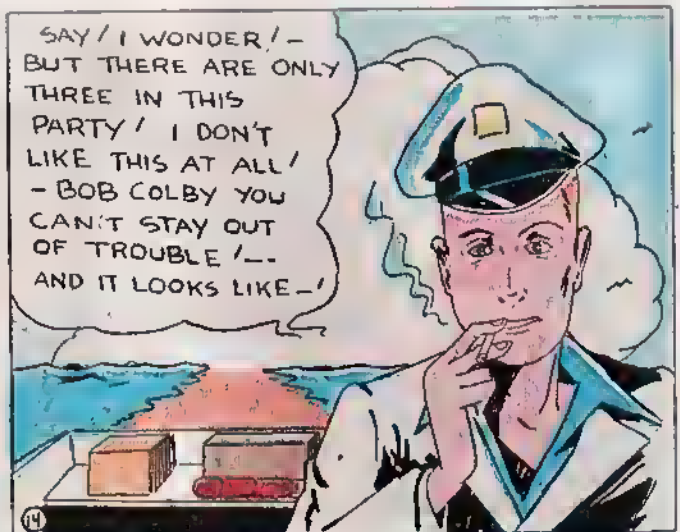


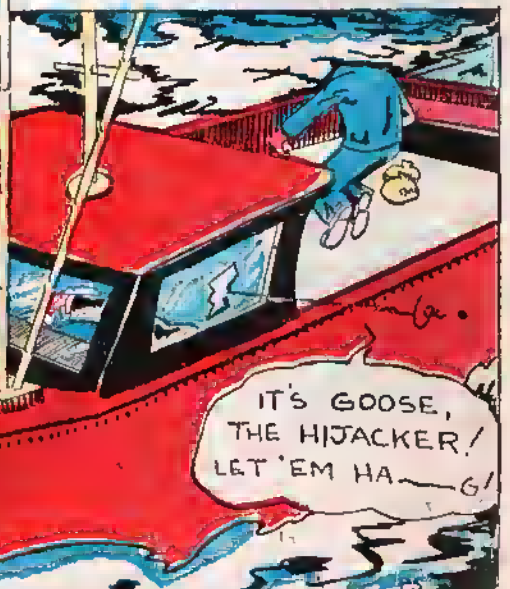
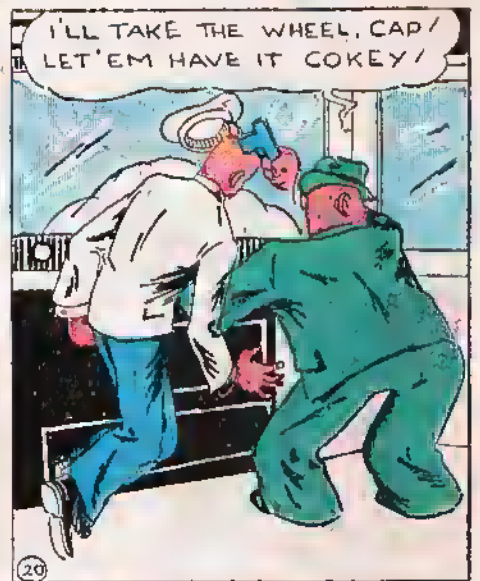
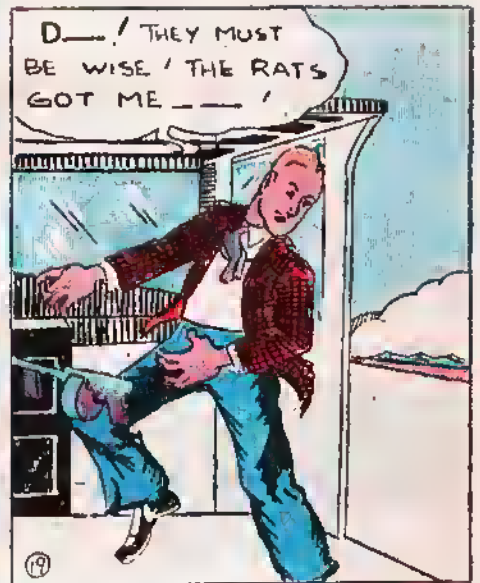
BOB COLBY

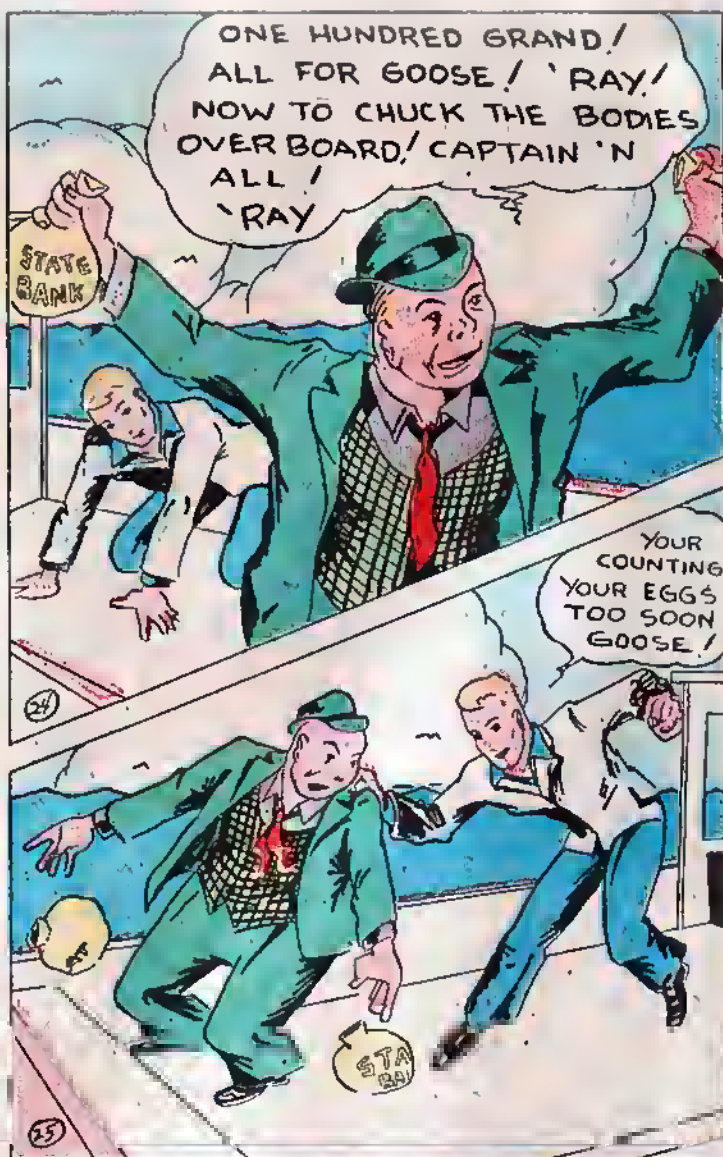


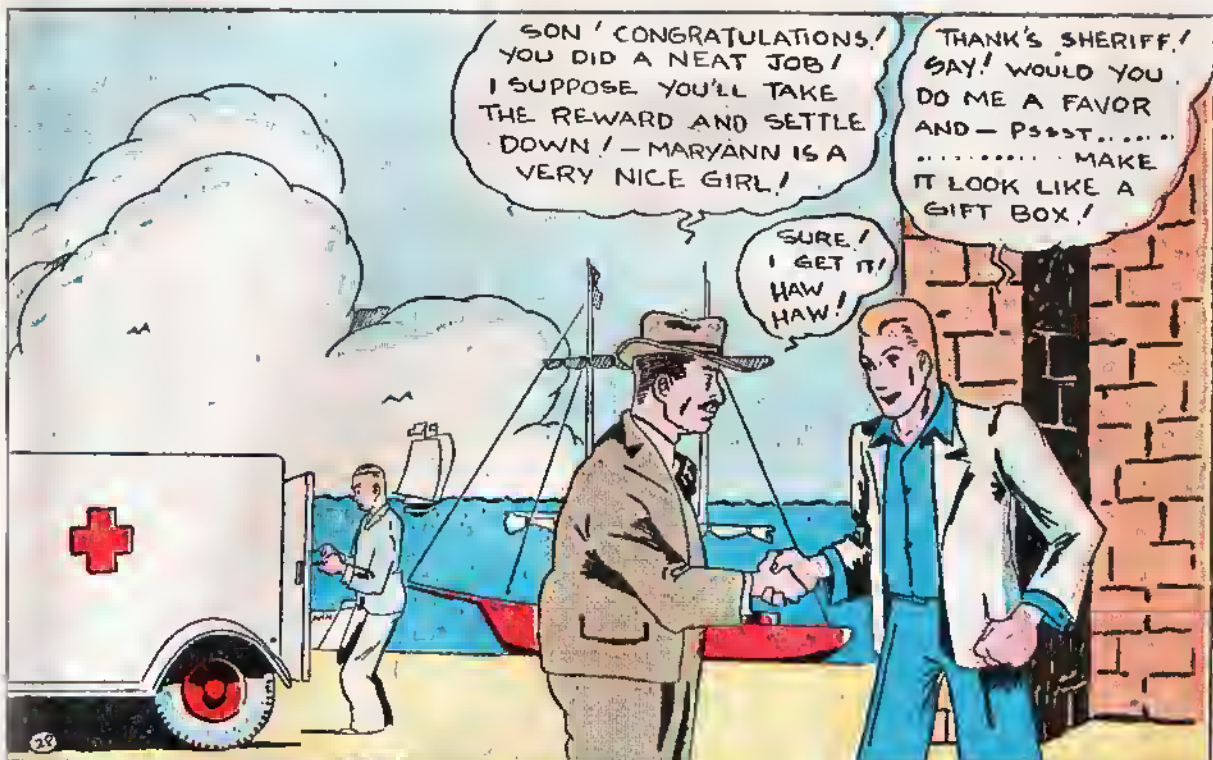












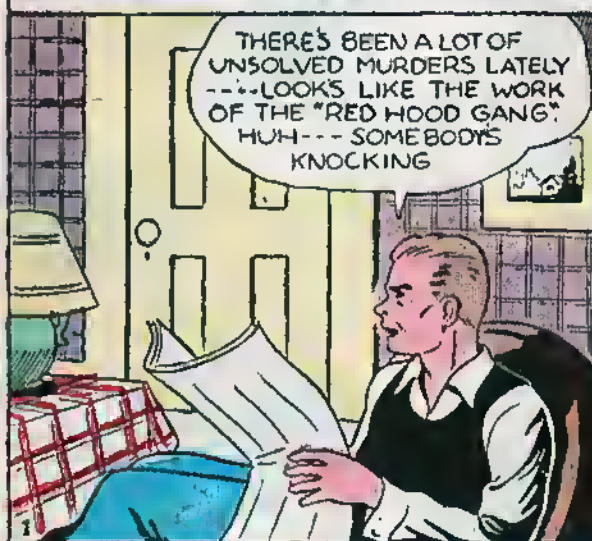
THE GANG BUSTER

A RED DOLAN STORY

COMPLETE IN PICTURE'S

by
JOE CAMPBELL JR

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT AND RED IS HOME—



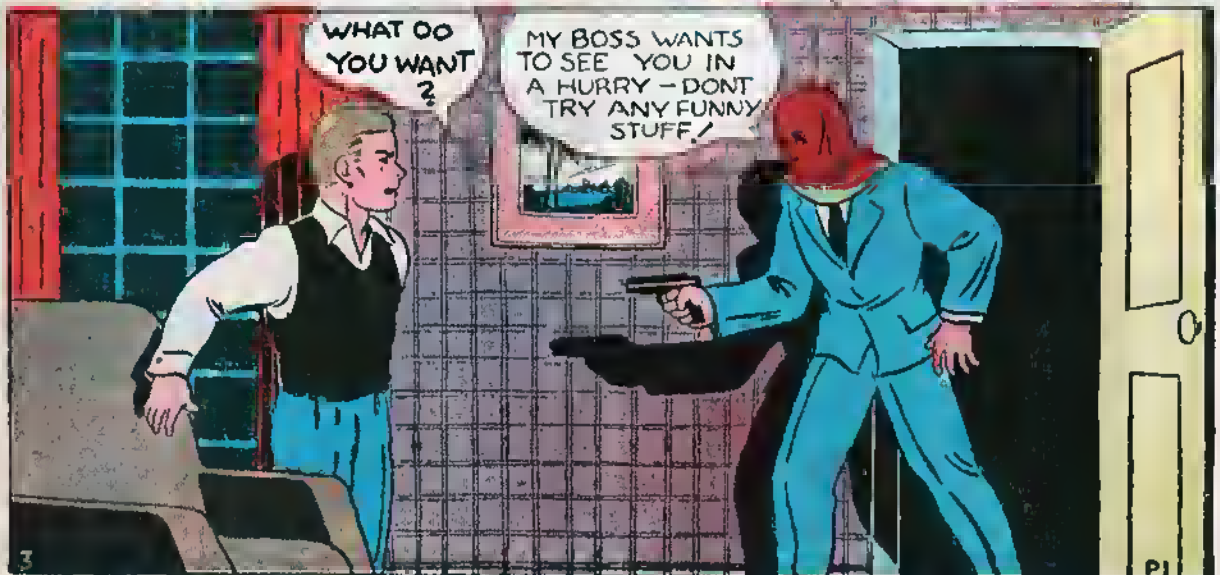
YOU'RE DOLAN, THE REPORTER ON THE CITY PRESS— AINTCHA ?

HEY!

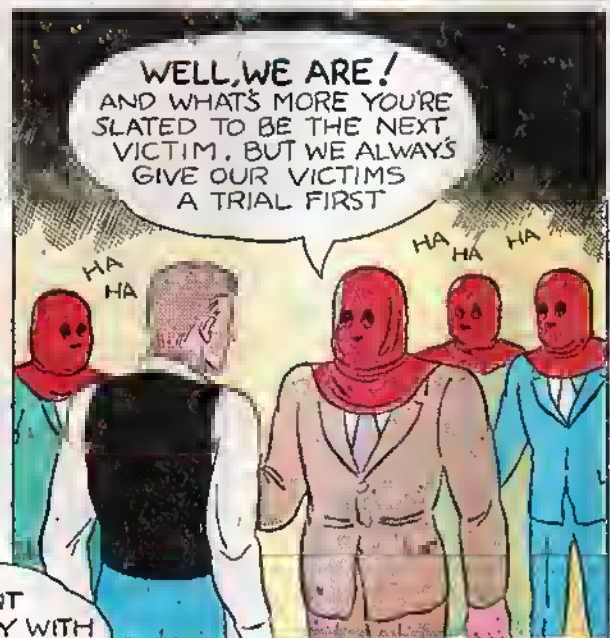


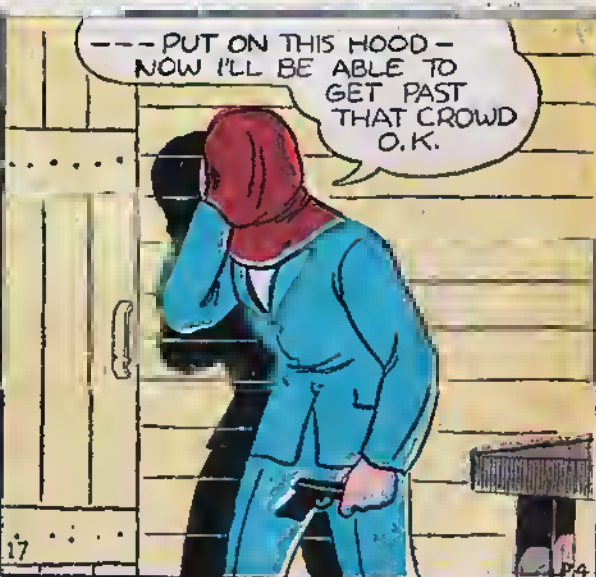
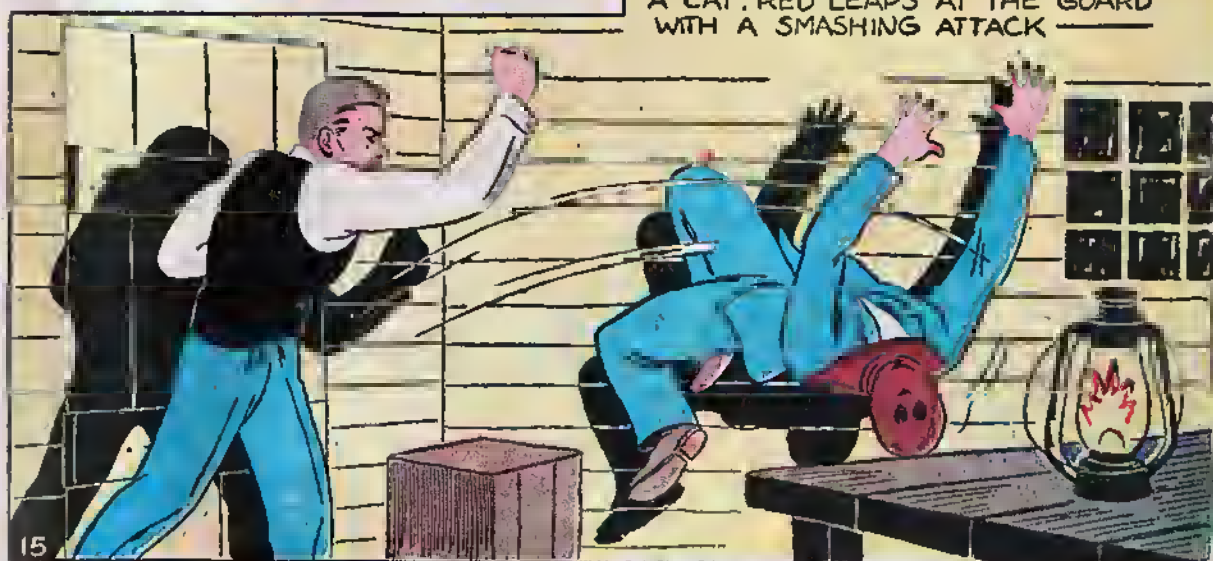
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

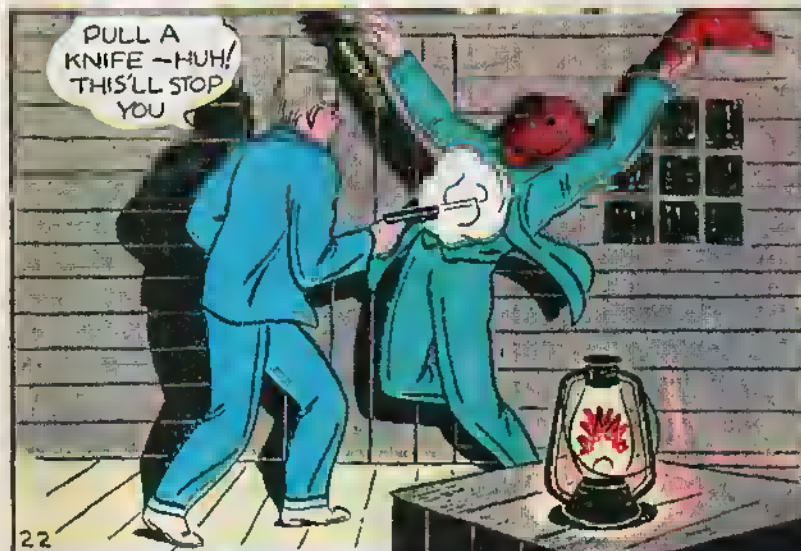
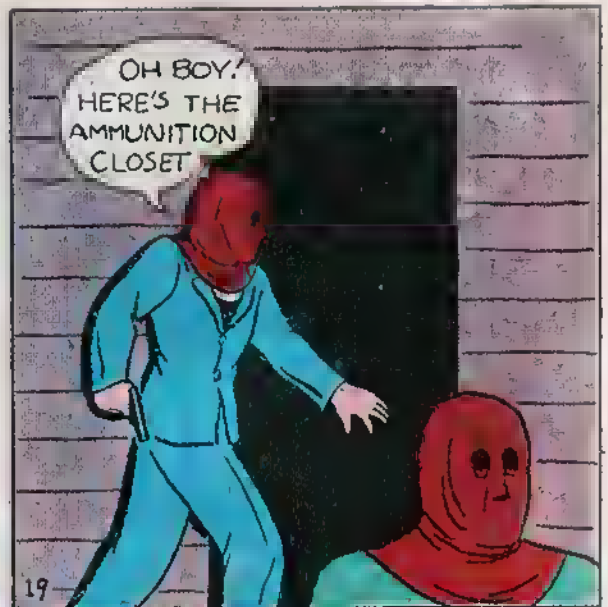
MY BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU IN A HURRY — DONT TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!

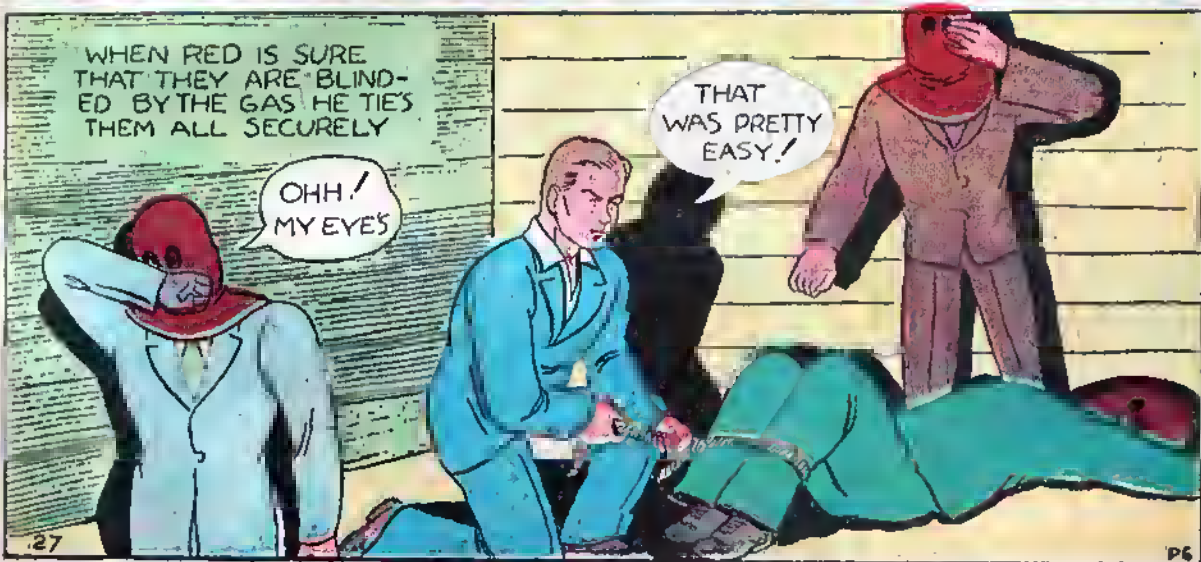
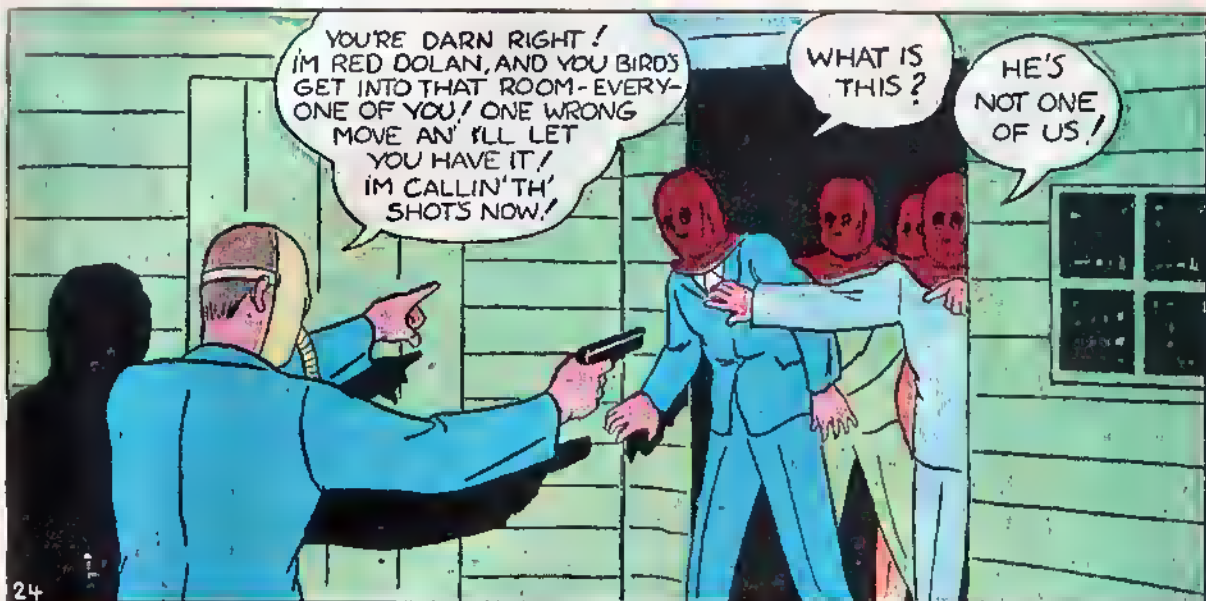


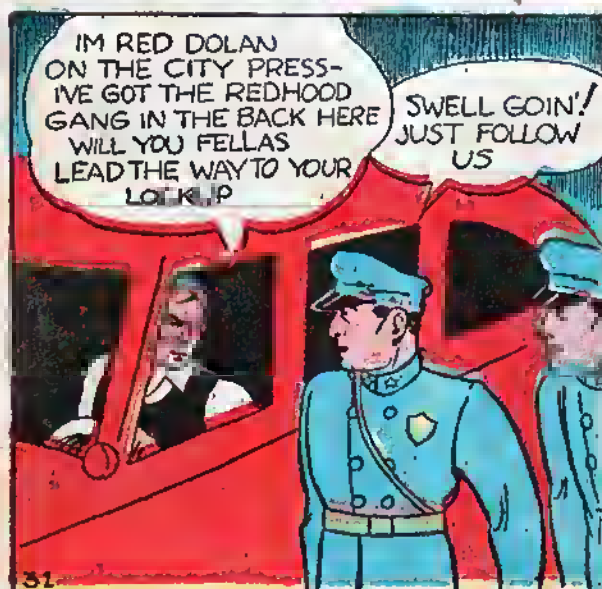














● REPEATING SLINGSHOT ●

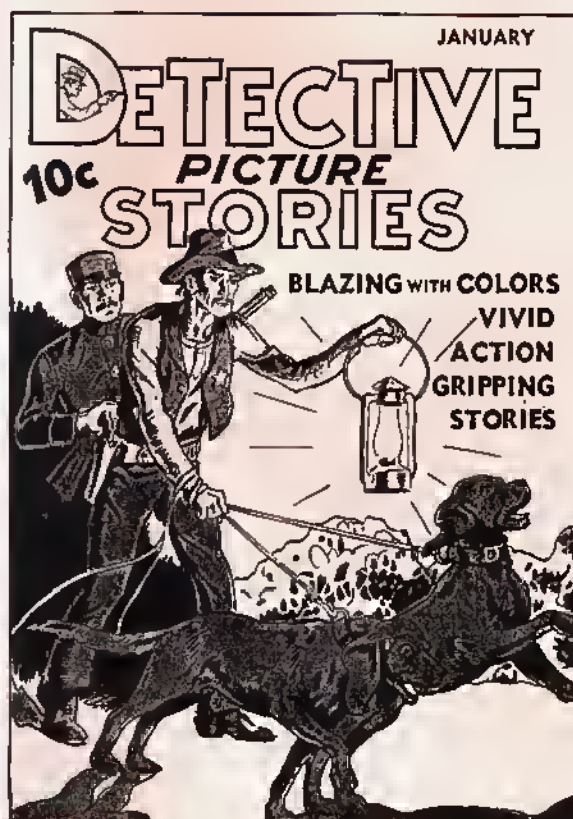
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DOUBLE TROUBLE

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VOL I

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